SCHOLASTIC Teacher EDITION

Practical English

JANUARY 12, 1949

How can you interest students in learning good English?

What my students *don't* know would fill a book— at least a magazine!

Right! And *Practical English* is the magazine. My students say *P. E.* stands for "Painless Education." They "eat it up."



See Semester Editorial Program, page 2-T

Editorial Program for Second Semester

DATE	MAJOR ARTICLE	"HOW TO—" SERIES	READING	LETTER PERFECT	CRITICAL JUDGMENT
Feb. 2	Writing Autobiographical Sketches	Cooperative Poetry Project	Fiction	Business Vocabulary	Choosing Books
Feb. 9	Writing Character Sketches	Words	Descriptive Passages	Set-up of Business Letter	Who Make Books
Feb. 16	Writing Book Reports	Sentences	Characters' Behavior	Organization of Business Letter	Characters in Books
Feb. 23	Choral Reading	Paragraphs	Plot	Friendly Letters, Envelopes	Plot
Mar. 2	Listening	Budgeting Money	The Point of the Story	Student Contest	Dialogue, Style
Mar. 9	Choosing a Job	Use of Labels	Style	Sales Letters	Types of Fiction
Mar. 16	Job Applications	Use of Advertising	Understanding Idioms	Letters of Approval, Disapproval	Types of Non-fiction
Mar. 23	Job Interviews	Buying Clothing	Similes	Job Applications	Developing Critical Judgment
		EASTER WEEK—NO ISSUE			
Apr. 6	Keeping a Job	Buying Drugs and Cosmetics	Metaphors	Friendly Letters	Radio's Aims and Purposes
Apr. 13	Personality Growth on the Job	Buying Groceries	Exaggeration	Acknowledgments and Confirmations	Preparing for the Show
Apr. 20	Cooperative Classroom Newsletter	Over-the-counter Salesmanship	Irony and Sarcasm	Student Contest	Yardsticks for Dramatic Programs
Apr. 27	Cooperative Classroom Newspaper	Door-to-door Salesmanship	Introduction to Poetry	Business & Social Postal Cards	Yardsticks for Variety, Quiz Shows
May 4	Telephoning	Postal Services	Narrative Poetry	Postal Regulations	Yardsticks for Public Service Shows
May 11	Social Conversation	Savings Accounts	Imagery	Requests for Information	High School Radio Workshops
May 18	Oral Reports	Checking Accounts	Allusions	Letters of Complaint	Radio in Your Classroom
May 25	Round-table Discussion	Charge Accounts and Credit	Humor	Social Notes	Television

Other Regular Features

Editorials

"Give us material which will guide our students so that they'll become *mature persons*," teachers request. Here you are—a series of 10 editorials on "The Marks of Maturity"—unselfishness, self-confidence, self-discipline, independence, dependability, industriousness, cooperation, honesty, open-mindedness, and enthusiasm. Following this: "Success Story" interviews, presenting the mottoes and experiences of well-known people.

"This is the first year that I've used *Practical English*, but I never intend to teach English again without your magazine. It is like a breath of fresh air." Teacher, Buckingham (Va.) Central H. S.*

Dear Joe

Each week Joe receives a cartoon-illustrated letter from one of his three girl correspondents. Jerry, a commercial high school graduate, describes the problems she now meets in the business world. Jane, a typical high school girl who recognizes her own shortcomings, discusses in a "non-preachy" way manners in school and in public, good grooming, choice of clothes, personal cleanliness, punctuality, reliability, etc. Madcap Julie represents the thoughtless teen-ager.

" 'Dear Joe' is one of my favorite features in *Practical English*. I learn a lot from Jane's letters about school and from Jerry's about the office. I like Julie best of all, though, because she helps us teen-agers to see ourselves as others do." Student, Seattle, Washington.

***All quotes used are spontaneous, unsolicited comments from teachers and students who have used the magazine in their classrooms. Originals on file.**

PRACTICAL ENGLISH, published weekly during the school year September through May inclusive except during school holidays and at mid-term. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyright, 1949, by Scholastic Corporation. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: $1.20 a school year, or 60c a semester. Single subscription, Teacher Edition, $2.00 a school year. Single copy (current school year) 10 cents. Office of publication, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.

Practice Makes Perfect

The 4-page Workbook Section, "Practice Makes Perfect," is a popular weekly feature, offering a planned program for the teaching of the rudiments of grammar, spelling, punctuation, usage, vocabulary building (a bi-weekly crossword puzzle and other word-building exercises —"Shop Talk," "Words to the Wise," etc.), and punctuation, as well as survey and progress tests. P.M.P. includes "How's That Again?," in which Slim Syntax answers student questions on grammar, usage, etc.

A PEQ (*Practical English Quiz*) Kit including wall charts (for keeping individual scores), "Word Wizard" buttons and 2 Certificates of Merit, is provided at no extra charge with every group subscription.

"I, who have written so many billions of grammar-study sentences, constantly admire the composers of your material. 'Practice Makes Perfect' is thoroughly good, brilliantly done." Teacher, Evanston (Ill.) Township H. S.

Straight Thinking

"Learn to Think—Straight" is a weekly series of articles in elementary logic dealing with problems such as propaganda analysis (name calling, defining and detecting devices, etc.) and reasoning. Each article includes down-to-earth illustrations and exercises taken from everyday experiences, newspapers, and radio broadcasts.

"Your 'Learn to Think—Straight' column has inspired our English class to put up a bulletin board labeled *But Is It Logical?* We post clippings of items which show lack of logic." Student, Detroit, Michigan.

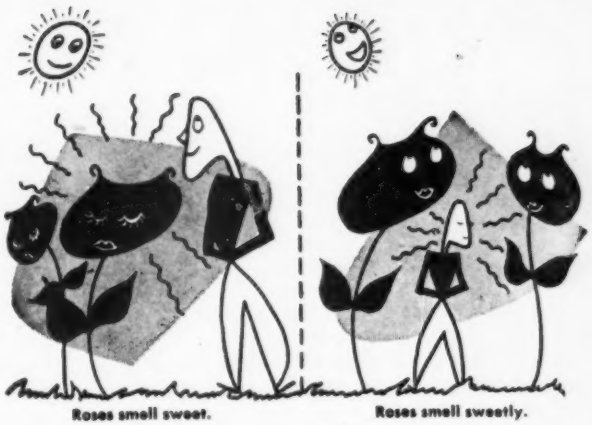
Vocational Guidance

The Career Club series includes yardsticks for evaluating courses offered by apprenticeship training programs, business and trade schools, and colleges, as well as articles on self-evaluation, personality development, and timely information on jobs in industries, the professions, small businesses, our system of distribution, etc. Also see major articles in Editorial Program, page 2-T.

"Your Career Club series is swell. I liked the advice in the first article. My sister and I spent a whole evening analyzing ourselves — following your self-analysis outline." Student, Detroit, Michigan.

Teaching Aids

Two pages weekly of lesson-plan guides based on articles in the issue. Plans include aims, discussion and check-test questions, assignments, references, and down-to-earth suggestions for student activities calling for reading, writing, speaking and listening. Prepared by our Teacher Editor and based on actual teaching experience and on the suggestions of English-classroom experts. See Teaching Aids for this issue on page 5-T immediately following the Student Edition.



Weekly Short Story

A story outstanding in reader appeal—adventure, sports, mystery, boy-girl, etc.—and notable for its literary merit appears in each issue.

Program material—radio and short plays, forum discussions, problem stories, etc.—is included whenever space permits.

"I believe yours is the best magazine published for high school students. You publish the literature most interesting to teen-agers all over the country." Student, North Rose (N. Y.) Central School.

Boy dates Girl

Gay Head edits this weekly department of personal and social guidance covering personal, family, and dating problems; manners, conduct, emotional growth, etc. About once a month this department plays "turnabout"—Gay Head asks the question and students are invited to write answers for a Jam Session.

Regular departments on movies, humor, music, radio, sports, and books offer guidance in leisure-time activities. See Table of Contents.

"In our English class, our daily assignments and final tests are based on *P.E.* I know I speak for my whole class when I say 'Hats off to the Editors of *P.E.* for making our class routine so pleasant!' " Student, San Diego (Calif.) H.S.

Problems in Living

Case histories involving problems in family and school life and in getting along with other people are supplemented with discussion questions. Students send in their own personal problems.

This copy is a Teacher Edition copy of *Practical English*. The edition which the students receive begins immediately after page 4-T. Each week the teacher receives a free copy of the student magazine with special teacher pages bound around the outside of the student edition.

To insure receiving your copies of *Practical English* promptly, beginning with the February 2 issue, use the convenient order card enclosed.

Off the Press

Literary History of the United States, edited by Robert E. Spiller, Willard Thorp, Thomas H. Johnson, Henry Seidel Canby, and Associates. 3 vols. Macmillan. Vols. I and II, 1421 pp.; Vol. III (Bibliog.), 817 pp. $20.

Three hundred years of history have deepened American literature to such an extent that only a corps of analysts, each a specialist in his own right, can hope to separate the gold from the dross. When the object of a literary history becomes not merely sketching the main trends but covering the myriad side issues and nuances that have gone into the building of our literary heritage, then you have a massive undertaking. The three volumes, which have been fashioned from contributions by literary experts who are both profound and readable, represent the most important interpretation of our literary culture to appear since the publication of the *Cambridge History of American Literature* at the time of the First World War.

Chapters in the first two volumes follow generally the chronological approach, and range from the colonial period through World War II. Within each of ten sections, movements, ideas, and authors are weighed critically and their origins and subsequent influence are evaluated. Literature is classified broadly as historical writing, poetry, humor, philosophy, criticism, novels, short stories, drama; even language itself is scrutinized. Chapters are unsigned, partly because the editors shifted material about to conform to the basic plan. There is a list of 55 contributors, however, and they are credited with specific chapters. For example, the section, "A World Literature," which covers the period from the end of World War I to World War II, contains a chapter on the impact of war and depression on literature, by Allan Nevins; "How Writers Lived," by Malcolm Cowley; "Speculative Thinkers," by Brand Blanshard; "A Cycle of Fiction," by Maxwell Geismar; "American Drama," by Joseph Wood Krutch; "Poetry," by F. O. Matthiessen; literary criticism, by Morton D. Zabel; and the effect of American books abroad, by Malcolm Cowley.

Volume III, which can be purchased separately, is a critical listing of bibliographies, depositories, primary and secondary sources in manuscript, book, and pamphlet form. It follows, in part, the organization of the text, but goes beyond it in introducing an enormous range of materials. About 200 authors are treated individually, including John Cotton and James T. Farrell, by reference to their works and their critics.

This work will not be the last critical survey of the American literary stream. But it will enlighten and guide us until another generation with new values sees the past from a different perspective.

World Government: The Twenty-Second Annual Debate Handbook of the NUEA, 2 vols., edited by Bower Aly. Artcraft Press, Columbia, Mo., 1948. I, 220 pp.; II, 220 pp.

Not only high school and college debaters but all who are interested in methods for establishing world peace will be indebted to the National University Extension Association for collecting important articles and bibliographies on the problem. Contributors include Ely Culbertson, Clark M. Eichelberger, Albert Einstein, Philip Jessup, Clarence Streit, Norman Thomas, Cord Meyer Jr., and Carl Van Doren. Although there is a section for arguments against world government, the great weight of materials is on the side of world government.

Librarians will be especially interested in the announcement on page 60 of Volume I. It offers at half the regular price eighteen books and pamphlets which provide the nucleus for a library on world government.

FOR TEACHERS ONLY

This is a Teacher Edition copy. The edition which students receive begins on the facing page. Following the 40-page student edition, the Teacher Edition continues on page 5-T. Each week the teacher receives a copy of the student magazine with special teacher pages bound around the outside of the student edition.

Once a month, the Teacher Edition is expanded to *Scholastic Teacher,* from 16 to 32 pages of valuable features of particular interest to the classroom teacher.

Modern Medical Discoveries, by Irmengarde Eberle. Crowell, 1948. 183 pp., $2.50.

The author has dedicated her book "to the young people of today who will be the medical scientists of tomorrow." If her popularization of the discoveries of such life-savers as penicillin, sulfa, atabrine, and plasma inspires so much as a single youngster with the patience of Dr. Alexander Fleming in furthering the development of penicillin, her effort will have been a triumph. By integrating anecdote with accurate biographical detail, and by describing in non-technical language the researches which made possible the wonder drugs of recent years, she has made a real contribution.

Historical Sociology: Its Origins and Development, by Harry Elmer Barnes. Philosophical Library, N. Y. 186 pp., $3.

"The problem is clear, but the time is short," according to this author, who has been analyzing the story of mankind for three decades. Dr. Barnes, who is, perhaps, best known for his immense *History of Western Civilization,* is a prolific writer and researcher. He hopes that we can save ourselves from destruction if we apply the valid findings of historical sociologists and bring our institutions up to date.

In examining the work of historical sociologists from Plato to Boas, Barnes finds pronounced weaknesses in methodology which have led to invalid generalizations about man's development. He is merciless in cutting the ground from beneath such interpreters of our past as Toynbee and Sorokin, especially the former who has climbed into the best-seller category. The early chapters of the book are virtually a "who's who" of writers who have had anything to say about the course we have taken from cave life to Oak Ridge. The closing chapters find Barnes at his best as he surveys world history and applies his findings to our times. That he is planning "a comprehensive and unified treatment of the whole history of human society and social institutions from primitive times to the twentieth century" comes as no surprise.

New England Bean-Pot. American Folk Stories to Read and to Tell, by Moritz Jagendorf. Vanguard, 1948. 272 pp., $2.50.

In this volume Dr. Jagendorf has collected forty-six yarns heard by word of mouth or ferreted from little-known old records. All have in common a New England locale, and they range from the fabulous baptism of Paul Bunyan, hero of American lumberjack tall tales, to the story of Tiny Perry, small in size but a giant in goodness. They make good reading and listening for children.

HOWARD L. HURWITZ

THIS WEEK'S LESSON PLANS AND TEACHING AIDS ON PAGES 5-T—7-T (at end of student edition)

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Practical English

ANUARY 12, 1949 • VOL. 5, NO. 14 • A SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINE



COVER STORY, p. 28
MAKING SPEECHES, p. 6

Right this way to the greatest Portable Show on earth!



SEE THESE AMAZING NEW TYPING FEATURES!



Finger-Flow Keys! Keys shaped to the contour of your fingers. Makes typing easier, faster, more accurate! You'll find these keys only on the new Royal!



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Say What You Please!

. . . and that's what we mean! This letters column, a regular feature in all editions of *Scholastic Magazines*, is open to opinion on any subject and criticism of any kind, brickbats or orchids. We want to know *what's on your mind.* Other readers do, too. Address Letters Editor, *Scholastic Magazines*, 7 East 12th St., New York 3, N. Y.—*The Editors.*

Dear Editor:

I find your sports stories very interesting. One of my friends plays football, and we both especially enjoyed "The Pigskin Heart" (Nov. 17). My friend wants his coach to read it, too.

"Practice Makes Perfect" is a hit with my whole family, and it has helped me more than any textbook. Ever since I started reading *Practical English*, English has been more interesting.

Joyce Munson
San Diego (Calif.) H.S.

* * *

Dear Editor:

"Boy dates Girl" is direct, to the point, and gives some very useful information. I use it regularly as my guide to successful dating.

Dick Sorenson
Ludington, Mich.

* * *

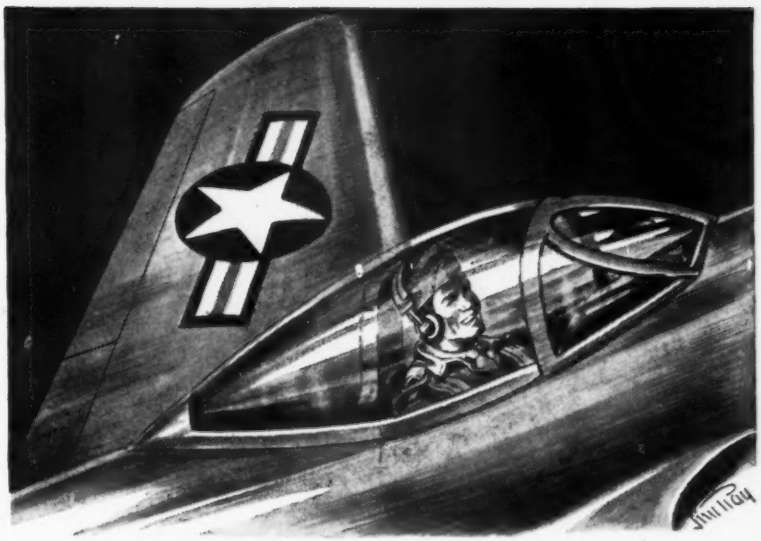
Dear Editor:

We should like to know whose head Dagmar tossed when she said, "Who knows?" in answer to the question about the probability that Axel Boström would take her skating. (See "Mamma and the Magic Skates," p. 22, Dec. 1 issue.)

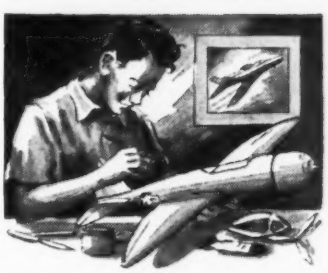
Our English class enjoys *Practical English* which we use in class at least one day each week. It has given a new zest to our communications course.

Mary Kirch, Secretary pro tem
Keokuk (Iowa) Jr. H.S.

The sentence in question says: "Dagmar (the heroine of the story) tossed *his* head and said, 'Who knows?' " We never noticed this phenomenon before. But now that you point it out, it occurs to us that perhaps "Mamma and the Magic Skates" is a "whodunit"—and that the head in question belonged to some luckless fellow whom Dagmar did in before her current hero, Axel Boström, appeared on the scene. That—or else we've been guilty of careless proofreading. We like the first explanation—but we're afraid we'll have to plead "guilty" to the latter.—*Ed.*



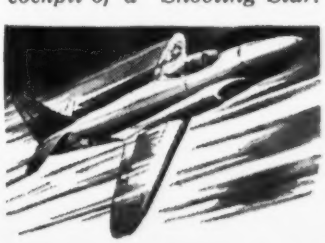
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how to become a B. M. O. C.*



There are three ways you can become a B.M.O.C. You can be a spectacular athlete. You can be active in school activities or you can master something that everyone's crazy about—*something like radio.* It's fun to tinker with wires and ear phones, and end up by building your own radio. It will teach you plenty, too. Many a big wheel in electronics started out by building his own set. But even if you're not interested in a radio career, think of the terrific bang you'll get when the gang's standing around waiting for you to unveil the swell playing radio you built yourself!

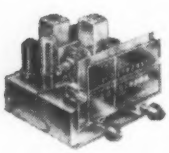


Get in on the fun and adventure now.

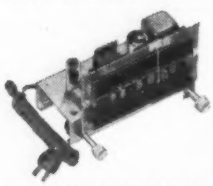
Lafayette has an All-American lineup of easy to build radio kits. These kits are easy to own, too. And fun—you're bound to have a whale of a time while you're assembling your radio. Thousands of fellows have written in and ordered more advanced kits after they've mastered the beginner's sets. And girls . . . radio isn't strictly for the fraternity set. Many a co-ed is toying around with radio these days. **Big Man On Campus*

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2. LAFAYETTE CONCORD FM TUNER KIT—Here's a kit especially designed for the radio freshman. Easy to construct, easy to own, and gives you superb FM tone. You can build this FM home tuner in a single evening. Excellent for use in metropolitan areas. Supplied complete with tubes. 32N24584. Wt. 3 lbs. $14.39



3. WIRELESS MICROPHONE—This amazing streamlined microphone is an entirely self contained unit with power supplied by an ordinary flashlight cell and a "B" battery. Works on one tube. Talk through your radio from any room in the house without connecting wires! Complete with battery and tube. 32N22548 Shpg. wt. 3 lbs. $6.68

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Own the book radio experts rave about. 180 pages, and chock full of electronics, tools, radios, appliances and gift bargains. Fill out the coupon below and enclose 25¢ in coin or stamps to cover mailing costs. Your 25¢ will be refunded to you as a credit on your first order totalling $3 or more.

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Practical English

(Combined with PREP)

A National Magazine of English and the Communication Arts Designed for High School Students in General, Business or Vocational Courses. Published Weekly During the School Year

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ON THE SIDE

SPEAKING OF SPEAKING. Someone recently dug up a rule of a South African tribe which might well be adopted in Congress. This law, as decreed by the South African tribe, stated that orators must stand on one foot while delivering their speeches. As soon as the other foot sags to the ground, the speech is brought to a close—by force, if necessary.



OVERHEARD ON A BUS. "How do you like your new boss, Mayme?" asked the brunette. "Oh, he isn't so bad, Lil," replied the blonde, "but he's kinda bigoted." The brunette looked puzzled. "What do you mean, bigoted?" she asked. "Well," replied the blonde, "he thinks words can be spelled only one way."

• • •

POOR LITTLE RHODE ISLAND? At the recent U.N. General Assembly meetings in Paris Mr. Trygve Lie (Secretary-General of the U. N.) had some difficulty with his telephone. It seems that Mr. Lie had to phone the Isle of Rhodes—which of course, lies in the Mediterranean, near Turkey.

Mr. Lie asked long distance for the Isle of Rhodes and long distance said, "I'll call you back."

After a long wait the phone rang. Mr. Lie picked it up and an unmistakably American voice said brightly: "Providence."

• • •

TWO WANT-AD WRITERS MEET. If you've ever struggled to decipher want ads, you'll probably get a giggle out of this conversation between two want-ad writers:

"Wl, wl, Chrly, I havnt sn y in a lng tme. Whr hv y bn kpng yrslf?"

"Bn wrkng nghts, jk. Wht hv y bn dng?"

"Jst gt bk frm m vcatn. Wnt dn to Pm Bch."

"Pm Bch? Y pk th swl plcs, dnt yu?"

"Hd a grt tme. Whn is yr vcatn?"

"Cms in Febr. Thnk I'm gng fshng in the Gulf Strm."

"Do y lk fshng?"

"Crzy abt it. Gves m a thrl tht wrds cnt dscribe."

In the Catbird Seat

. . . you'll find radio's Red Barber



SPORTS fans recognize *sitting in the catbird seat* as a "Red Barberism" for *doing fine*. As our sports editor puts it, "Red Barber is the best sportscaster in radio or television. He knows sports and his colorful Southern speech wraps fans around the dials." When the game is in the bag, Red drawls, "It's all tied up in a crocus sack."

We interviewed Red Barber recently at CBS where he is Director of Sports and has two regular Saturday programs, *Catbird Seat*, and *Red Barber Club House*, a quiz program for teen-agers. We asked Red how he became a sportscaster.

He smiled. "Well, when I graduated from Sanford (Fla.) High, I thought I knew all I'd ever need to know. I had a job lined up with a firm that built roads.

"However," Red laughed, "when the roads were finished, my job was finished, too. So I began trucking vegetables—until the vegetable season ended! On the next round I was heating pitch for a roofer—a hot job in a hot climate. By that time I'd learned my lesson: Don't count on a particular job—*count on yourself*.

"To me that meant I had to know enough to do many jobs. It meant I had to know more than I knew when I graduated from high school. With $100 and a pair of new shoes, I enrolled in the University of Florida.

"To pay my way, I waited on tables, split wood, took care of tennis courts, and was a janitor in the faculty club. I took as many courses as the university would allow. I was planning to teach English or history."

"Not to become a sportscaster?" we asked.

"No. The nearest thing to that was a childhood ambition to be an end man in a minstrel. My getting into radio was by accident. One day an absent-minded professor popped out of town the day he was to read a paper over station WRUF on the college campus. Another prof asked me to read the paper over the air. I said *no*. He offered to buy my dinner; I was on my feet in a second!"

That program was Red's big chance. Afterwards, the director offered him a part-time job. Later he became director of the station. "I did *everything*. I learned radio technique by doing it all wrong. I still make mistakes, but the point is *not to make the same one twice*."

Red began to hound big stations for a job. He started his sportscasting career on Cincinnati's WLW-WSAI.

"A pitcher's first need," Red says, "is a fast ball. For most of us, this means getting a good education."



What's the Pitch?

KERMIT McCOY looked up from his desk. "Not me, *first*?" he groaned. Ella Schreiber, class chairman, nodded her head while the students in English III settled down to "snooze" through another period of oral reports.

Kermit plunged to the front of the room, spun around, and announced in a breathless wheeze, "In the five minutes at my disposal, I'm going to discuss the topic, *What I Don't Like About Women.*

"Roman numeral I," Kermit said with a sigh, glancing at a three-by-five card of notes. "Women are parasites. They spend their lives scheming about how they can prey on men.

"A-a-a woman's hunting career starts young—er, I mean, early—say at the age of four. From then on, she plots to land her man with a pretty dress, a pretty face, or a pretty 'line.' At 15 her entire thoughts are on such questions as *How can I get Dan or Lew to take me to the Prom? Where can I stand so that Harry'll notice me and ask me into the Sugar Bowl for a soda?*"

"That's enough. Thanks, Kermit," said Ella.

The class looked up, startled.

"Kermit, at my request, gave a 'horrible example' of how *not* to begin an oral report," Ella explained. "Of course, we've all seen worse. There's the unaccustomed-as-I-am type who shuffles his feet, claws his hair, twirls a key chain, and rattles a long sheet of paper (supposedly his notes). Then there's the parrot type who twitches and fingers a strand of pearls as she screeches her memorized speech.

"These sad Stans and Stellas of the speaker's stand aren't sophomores, of course. *We* know better. We know the rules for starting a good speech. Here they are on the blackboard."

Ella pointed to the board.

1. *Be natural, but dignified.* Don't stage a floor show. You're not a circus clown or a chorus girl. A dash to the speaker's stand will leave you gasping. Walk down the aisle. When you face the audience, count to four slowly to yourself.

2. *Start your oral report with a "bang."* Kermit apparently knows some of the rules for preparing an oral report. He chose an interesting topic and he outlined what he was going to say. But Kermit forgot one big thing—to

with his audience's attention immediately. Your audience is ready to hear something new. Begin with a startling piece of information or with an arresting question. Remember that the beginning of talks, like the beginning of books, parties, and friendships, is important.

3. *Speak in a natural, conversational tone.* Kermit made the mistake of memorizing his talk. That's why his opening remarks sounded dull. He spoke much too rapidly because he was reciting from memory. That is also the reason why he stumbled along, saying, "a-a-a . . ."

4. *Look at your audience.* After you've counted to four, glance at your audience—look at Joe and Ray and Enid and Charmaine. Your pause will keep them in suspense, make them wonder what's coming. Don't be a cloud gazer. Talk directly to Joe in the third row center; then shift your attention to Enid in the last seat in the sixth row. Each will be complimented and have the feeling that you're speaking personally to him or her.

5. *Don't distract your audience's attention.* Your oral report is the Number 1 attraction. Don't put on a sideshow by twisting your handkerchief, key chain, or necklace. Avoid standing like a sailor braced for a storm or like a soldier at attention. If it makes you more comfortable, put your hand into your pocket. Then relax; concentrate on your audience; and forget yourself.

Sounding Board

Ella paused. "Ready, Randall?" she asked.

Randy Jones nodded. He walked to the left, front corner of the room, faced the wall, with his hands cupped tightly around the back of his ears (palms open). Then he began speaking.

"Now Randy's talking in a natural voice," Ella explained as the class watched with interest. "At the same time, he can listen to his own voice to see how it sounds. The corner-of-the-room test throws his voice directly back into his ears. Okay. Thanks, Randy.

"Try this test on yourself at your first opportunity," Ella invited the class. "Listen critically for weaknesses. Do you talk through your nose? Do you swallow some syllables? Is your voice hoarse and rasping?"

"What if you have a cold?" Ruth Arbogast asked.

"Of course, a head cold's likely to affect the way you speak," Ella replied.

"So will bad tonsils or adenoids," added Sid Longman.

"Thanks, Sid," Ella said, "and now Eleanor Silverthorne's going to give us some voice tips, Eleanor."

"Do you have a pleasing voice?" Eleanor asked, looking thoughtfully at individual members in the class. "Is your tone good? How about your articulation? Some voices are good in tone, but poor in articulation and *vice versa.* The average Southerner, for example, has good tone but is poor in articulation. The average Northerner has good articulation but is poor in tone."

Eleanor paused. "Check your own voice." She held her nose and said, "Does it have the nasal twang of the Easterner? The rolling 'r-r-r' of the Westerner? Or the missin' consonants of the Southuna? The well-trained voice doesn't carry geographical marks. Pat yourself on the back, if people can't tell, by your accent, in which section of the country you were born.

"In general, the vowel sounds make tone (*n-o-w* or *n-i-n-e*). The speaker who slights vowels has no warmth or depth in his voice; the one who ignores consonants isn't easily understood.

"All consonants should be sounded, but some require special handling. The 'm's' and 'n's' should be drawn out to bring out their musical tone. (Take the word *theme.* If you don't hang on to the *m* sound, you get *thim.*) But 's's' and 'r's' should be sounded lightly, without rolling them around. (Try them on such words as *miss, rural, rascal.*)

"Your tongue must be nimble with consonants. Tongue-twisters are good practice. Try easy ones such as 'Peter, Peter . . .' and more difficult ones such as those used to train radio announcers. Here's one on the blackboard." She paused and gave the class time to read and laugh about this:

A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
"Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

"What about your tone?" Eleanor went on. "Good tone belongs only to those who know how to breathe properly. Deep slow breathing, starting with the diaphragm, brings a rich tone. Drills for improving tone often include a 'train-calling' exercise. Call out with l-o-n-g-d-r-a-w-n syllables any echoing call such as this one on the blackboard." Again she waited for the class to read:

Train on track 13 for Chicago, Buffalo, Toledo, and Ontario.

"Try to make the vowels sing." Eleanor paused for emphasis. "Is your voice thin? Pinched? Does it make the listener's throat tighten in sympathy?" she asked, clutching her throat. "Or perhaps you have a clanging, twanging accent which hurts people's ears. These faults come up because you're tense, nervous. Relax! Loosen your tongue; unclamp your vocal cords; thaw out your stiff jaw.

"Remember," she concluded, "your voice speaks for your personality. Make it an attractive one."

"Thank you, Eleanor," Ella said graciously. "Now if my Board of Speech **Experts** will take their places at the table in the front of the room, we'll hold a *post mortem* on Eleanor's speech. Mary Jo Perrin, Jeff Ritter, Lois Bentrim."

All's Well That Ends Well

Here are the rules that the "experts," assisted by the class, worked out for the main part of the speech and for the conclusion:

1. *Give complete and exact facts.* Eleanor emphasized that articulation and tone were important for a pleasing voice. She should have defined *articulation* when she introduced the word.

2. *Give down-to-earth examples to prove your points.* Eleanor rated high on this point. She told about speech characteristics in different sections of the country. Also, she gave definite exercises for improving your articulation.

3. *Move along; don't repeat.* Don't gab about what everybody already knows. Emphasis is the only good reason for repetition.

4. *Know your subject.* Then you can just open up and tell the world! Use your notes as little as possible.

5. *In conclusion, make a short, separate statement of the purpose of your speech.* The conclusion's as important as the dessert which follows the main course of your dinner. Eleanor's conclusion was a little too abrupt.

6. *Don't let your voice fade out on the last phrase or sentence.* Endings of movies, stories, and speeches are important. Be sure your audience hears and recognizes your conclusion.

7. *Pause a moment to separate the conclusion from the body of your speech.* Don't jump away from the speaker's stand as if you had a "hot foot." Pause, count to two, then give your conclusion slowly and clearly.

Ella smiled. "The one big thing I've learned is to remember to speak plainly, so I will: The program is over!"



Going Steady with Studying?

"AND DON'T come near my room for three hours," Bill announced to his kid sister after dinner. "I have studying to do; I don't want to be disturbed!"

That's what Bill said. Let's see how he carries through on that statement.

With determination, Bill kicks shut the door of his room. The kicking process is a necessity because his hands are loaded with cookies, apples, and a bag of licorice drops. Bill dumps his loot on the bed, turns on the radio, gathers a stack of books, and dumps himself and books on the bed.

While beating time to "Twelfth Street Rag," our hero opens his history book and glances at the first paragraph of the assignment. Somehow, through the din, Bill detects the ring of a telephone. He bounds out of the room and down the hall to answer.

Fifteen minutes later, Bill hangs up the phone and wanders back to his room. He stares at the mirror. Hm-m-m-m, he's going to need a haircut now that Fuzzy has gotten him a date with that cute Bella Marie Saunders—and good gravy, what's he going to use for money? Grabbing paper and pencil, Bill plunges back into the scholastic world to tackle an important problem:

63c—cash on hand
49c—Elmer owes me
??? borrow $4 from Dad???

Off to a Good Start

Bill's determination to study didn't last long, did it? And no wonder! He set his sights too high. Bill thought he could hole up with his books for three solid hours!

Don't expect your mind to absorb several hours of straight studying. Tonight divide your working evening into shorter periods; allow yourself a five-minute break between each session. That's when you relax with a spot of music, make a quick raid on the refrigerator, or *briefly* return the phone call that came while you were busy with the books.

Bill's flirting with the radio was another false move. The best of minds can concentrate on only one thing at a time. If you're devoting your mind to



Mort Walker in Saturday Evening Post

"Y'know, studying can be fun if there are enough people around."

studying, you can't lend an ear to the radio; so why waste electricity? Nor can you spare even a few brain cells for day dreams about dates, movies, or basketball games. You'll need every speck of gray matter for your homework.

Now that you've cleared your mind, clear your desk of old letters, souvenirs, tennis balls, and time tables. Give yourself plenty of room for elbows, texts, and notebooks!

First, tackle the subject you find most difficult or like least. The last roundup will be less tedious if you're doing a job that's simple and/or enjoyable.

Try These Tips

We can't give you a blueprint for studying. You'll develop your own special plans, according to your own skills and needs. But we can give you a few helpful hints. Try following these hints for different types of assignments; they should help to keep you on the straight and narrow.

Reading, history, geography, etc.

1. Start with a once-over lightly. Flip quickly through the last chapter you read in your text, to remind yourself of what went before.

2. Read the first few paragraphs of the chapter assigned for tonight; then skim through the rest of the chapter, noting the sub-headings and paragraph headings. This gives you an overall view of the entire story.

3. Go back and read the chapter thoroughly. This careful reading will make more sense because you've already lined up the total picture.

4. Don't skip over names, dates, places, and events that are hazy in your mind. Pin them down by referring to maps, charts, footnotes, the index, and the contents page.

5. After you've read the material, test yourself by: (a) answering the review questions in the text; (b) composing and answering your own questions; and (c) reconstructing the material in your own words.

Foreign language, vocabulary, and spelling lists:

1. After studying the entire list briefly, get to work with paper and pencil. As you look at each word, write its definition and/or translation. Check your written list against your text, to be sure that it's accurate.

2. Now close your book and, after reading each definition or translation, write the original word. Check this list of words against your text for spelling. Repeat this procedure on all the words you missed; then go through the entire job once again for good measure.

Grammar rules, chemistry formulas, etc.

1. Read each rule slowly, trying to understand it as something which makes sense. Don't just memorize!

2. Write out each rule or formula, without looking at your text. Then check your list against the text.

3. Now *use* each rule. Make up sentences which illustrate the grammar rules. Devise problems which will require the use of the chemistry and algebra formulas.

In general:

1. If you're badly stuck on something—a math problem, a French translation, a closing paragraph for your theme—as your bedtime approaches, don't worry away at it. Go to bed and sleep on it! Set your alarm a half an hour earlier than usual and tackle your stickler when you get up. Often the pieces fit together smoothly in the cold clear light of morning.

2. Use your in-school study periods for (a) assignments that require library work and (b) assignments which require collaboration with Susie, Pete, and Sam. This saves you from interrupting your evening study periods; it also takes the strain off Dad's telephone bill.

3. Dole out some of your precious weekend time to longer assignments, such as special themes and book reports. You usually know of these assignments in advance. Don't put them off until the night before your deadline, when you'll have to throw your entire study schedule out of kilter. Instead, fit them into a few empty Saturday mornings and lazy Sunday afternoons.

Dear Joe,

Your clock-watching secretary seems to be a problem. Why don't you talk to her about it? Maybe she just doesn't realize that she's flirting with unemployment!

I learned my lesson on clock-watching in Miss Hay's geometry class at good old Central High. Miss Hay was explaining some problem about two triangles one morning, while I was watching the minute hand jump on the electric clock.

"What *line* is it, Jerry?" she asked, turning to me.

"Oh–uh," I stammered. "It's a quarter of ten."

Everyone howled, because Miss Hay meant some line in the problem. She gave me quite a lecture on clock-watchers–how they didn't last long in business. She certainly was right!

Alma Arbesi lasted exactly three weeks. She was a stenographer for Mr. Hinkle, one of our editors.

You know we work from 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. with an hour for lunch at noon and a 20-minute rest period in the afternoon. Alma would saunter in at 8:38 and take a few minutes "to get organized," as she called it. That included patting her hair, repairing her make-up, drinking a glass of water, glancing through the morning paper, and chatting with Phoebe, the girl at the next desk.

Then Alma would check the time (usually about 9:10) as she started typing. (She didn't want to be late for her *unauthorized* 10 o'clock coffee with Bebe Wolf.)

Later, as she "slaved" (her word) at transcribing the letters that Mr. Hinkle dictated to her, Alma glanced at the clock now and then. She always called a friend named Toots Vey at 11:00 to make plans for lunch and noon shopping. Also, she wanted to stop work about 11:45 so she'd be ready to sail out of the office by 12:00 sharp.

Poor Alma! Clock-watching was her undoing. (Also, the unscheduled coffee dates.) It would take an acrobat to keep one eye on the copy to be typed and the other on the clock. The clock won. Alma's letters were full of strikeovers and erasures.

Then came Black Friday. Alma kept her promise–to phone Pierre, the hairdresser, at 3:00 p.m. to see if he could work in an appointment for her at 5:00. But she left an entire line out of the letter she was typing. The letter should have read:

> Unusual situations call for unusual action–that's why we are writing this letter to you. You can't be fooling some of the customers even some of the time and still stay in business.

The letter Alma typed for Mr. Hinkle read:

> Unusual situations call for unusual action–that's fooling some of the customers even some of the time . . . !

Mr. Hinkle signed–Alma's dismissal notice!

You'd better speak frankly to your secretary now–before hobnobbing with Father Time trips her up, too.

Sincerely yours,

Jerry





Test Your READING SKILL

HOW do you judge a writer's skill? One sure sign is his ability to make colorful comparisons. Anyone can write, "Her voice was *cool*"; but it takes a lively imagination to hit on "Her voice was *cool as the other side of a pillow.*"

Such comparisons demand a certain skill from the reader, too. You must be alert for these phrases; and *your* imagination must be keen enough to grasp the meaning of the comparisons. You must be discriminating, too, for all comparisons aren't fresh, crisp phrases. You would hardly be struck by *as cool as a cucumber.*

"Ah, Sweet Youth" (page 13) is studded with comparisons. Some are more successful than others; but they all reflect the author's attempt to make his writing lively.

The comparisons in Section A, (below) *are taken from the story. What does each one make you think of? Can you match each one with a word or phrase in Section B?*

(A) 1. "Hi," she says, *like an icicle in January.*

2. . . . and she was off, *swish, - like a rabbit.*

3. The road was icy and the car *acted like a hula dancer.*

(B) a. with a bounce
b. meltingly
c. frostily
d. shimmied
e. lurched
f. with a dash

* * *

The dangers of generalizing are discussed in this week's "Tips on Reading" column (*this page*). Can you spot generalizations and test them?

Underline the generalization in each paragraph below. Decide how the generalization is used (as a conclusion, or as the reason for a conclusion), and whether it is a sound one.

1. *From a newspaper article:*

"And in conclusion," the mayor summed up his campaign speech, "I want to remind my listeners of that time-tested adage, 'Like father, like son.' It is no secret that my opponent's father served a jail sentence for grand larceny. How could anyone expect the son to be an honest, trustworthy official?"

2. *From a novel:*

Varsity football teams require eleven men. That indisputable fact stared Jim in the face as he considered his ambition to make the first string. Ten men from last year's varsity had returned to school; and Stan Kimsol, who had played on last year's junior varsity with Jim, had rolled up the most impressive record of all the subs. Jim was forced to the conclusion that he would have to do a superlative job if he wanted to realize his ambition this year.

3. *From a radio critic's column:*

Mr. Ronald Colman, the well-known movie actor, played the star role in a recent radio broadcast of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Mr. Coleman's portrayal was a poor one; he played woodenly, and made no effort to disguise his familiar and distinctive voice. Cinema stars should not risk their reputations by accepting assignments in radio dramatizations.

Answers in Teacher Edition



TIPS ON READING

"ALL the world loves a lover," the young man pointed out to his sweetheart. "And I'm a lover because I love you. So, since you're part of the world, you must love me!"

This earnest young man wound up with a neat conclusion, but there's a flaw in his logic, isn't there? Reread his reasoning, and see if you can find the flaw. . . . Have you found it? It goes 'way back to his first statement: "All the world loves a lover."

That's a *generalization* that doesn't stand up under careful analysis.

That's the trouble with many generalizations – they try to cover too much ground. If a generalization uses a word like "all," it *should* be true in *every* situation; one exception will disprove it. (Remember "Learn to think Straight," January 5?)

You'll find that generalizations are fairly easy to spot in your reading. Usually they contain one of these words: *all, always, never, none.* (Sometimes the word is not actually stated, but is "understood," as in these statements: "Birds' bodies are covered with feathers." "Basketball teams are composed of five men.")

But you should know how writers use – and misuse – generalizations. Otherwise you may be taken in by them. Let's investigate some of the misuses of generalizations:

1. An editorial in your school paper discusses the fact that last year's Senior Prom was a failure; and it reaches the conclusion that there should be no Senior Prom this year. Here's how the writer is "reasoning:"

Last year we held a Senior Prom.

It was a failure.

Therefore, all Senior Proms are bound to be failures.

The writer ignores the reasons for last year's failure; and he overlooks the possibility that this year's prom can be successful if the organizers avoid the mistakes made by last year's prom committee. *Beware of a general conclusion which is based on only one or two specific examples.*

2. You are reading a play in which the leading character is a silly, giddy woman. Perhaps she's presenting this "argument" to her husband: "I wish you wouldn't take up golf, dear. Everyone knows that golf is an old man's game, so if you play it, everyone will think you're an old man." Perhaps you smile and are about to hurry on; but even that slight "gag" is worth examining.

That character was basing her argument on a catchword (golf is an old man's game), which is an unproved generalization. It started out as someone's opinion and it became a sort of proverb. It can't be used as a solid foundation for an argument. *Beware of unproved generalizations (such as opinions or proverbs) which are used as reasons for specific conclusions.*

Of course, this doesn't mean that generalizations are never sound. There are many mathematical, scientific, psychological, and ethical generalizations which we can readily accept because they are based on many examples and seem to be true. No one would argue with such statements as "Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other" or "All men are mortal" or "Evildoers should be punished."

Writers can use such proven generalizations as the bases for logic discussions. They can prove other generalizations if they argue logically with sufficient facts. But simply putting a statement in print doesn't make it so.



"I'M GLAD you're here early," Mr. Skilliter told Avis Humboldt, a new file clerk. "My secretary's sick today and I have some telegrams to send. Will you please send this one immediately?

"It's addressed to the law firm, Stall and Stall, 364 Cedar Street, Detroit, Michigan. Let's see. Say that I will arrive in Detroit on Friday evening at 9:25 and that I will be in town until Sunday instead of leaving Saturday night as I had previously planned. Tell him to meet my train. I'll be on the 'Wanderer,' because I can't make other connections."

Here's the way Avis wrote the telegram:

143 King Street
Portland, Oregon
January 12, 1949
A. M.

Stall and Stall
364 Cedar Street
Detroit, Michigan

Mr. Ash Skilliter will arrive in Detroit Friday night 9:25 on "Wanderer." Stay Sunday. Meet train.

Avis Humboldt
Acting Secretary

AS:ah
Paid

Avis needs help. Her telegram can be improved in at least three ways: (1) It's too long; (2) it's not clear; (3) it's incorrectly worded.

Here are some pointers to help Avis write a concise, clear, correct telegram.

Every Word Counts

Western Union has a special rate for ten-word telegrams. Every additional word costs extra. Never skimp on words, though, at the expense of writing a confusing telegram.

Let's see if we can send a clear telegram for Mr. Skilliter in ten words. Impossible? Here's one way of doing it:

Arriving on "Wanderer" 925pm Friday CST. Meet me. Leaving Sunday.

(This is just the message without the correct address, of course.)

Telegraphically speaking, this message adds up to ten words. Notice the differences between this telegram and the one Avis wrote (*column one*).

Here's how the telegraph company counts from one to ten:

1. Every dictionary word in the message itself is counted as one word. *Mr.* is rarely used in telegrams. The message Avis wrote should be signed by Mr. Skilliter, anyway, so it isn't necessary to use his name in the message. *Stay Sunday* doesn't make it clear when Mr. S. is leaving. We changed it to *Leaving Sunday.*

2. Groups of letters and numbers are counted at the rate of five characters per word. Punctuation marks (commas, decimal points, etc.) are not charged for. In such groups, symbols (% and $, for example) count as one character each. Therefore, *925pm Friday* is two words—one shorter than Avis' *Friday night* 925. The second telegram correctly used CST for Central Standard Time. We thus condensed three words to one, and so helped to establish the exact time of Mr. Skilliter's arrival.

3. Sentence punctuation is thrown in "for free." Take advantage of this; make your telegrams absolutely clear with sensible uses of semicolons, parentheses, dashes, and periods. (The old-fashioned "STOP" has been eliminated.)

4. Since only the actual message is counted, signatures are "on the house." (Charges are made, however, for a double signature unless it is the name of a firm or unless the people have the same last name.) These would be free: (a) L. Smith and R. Jones Company; (b) Mary and Ned Wiseacre.

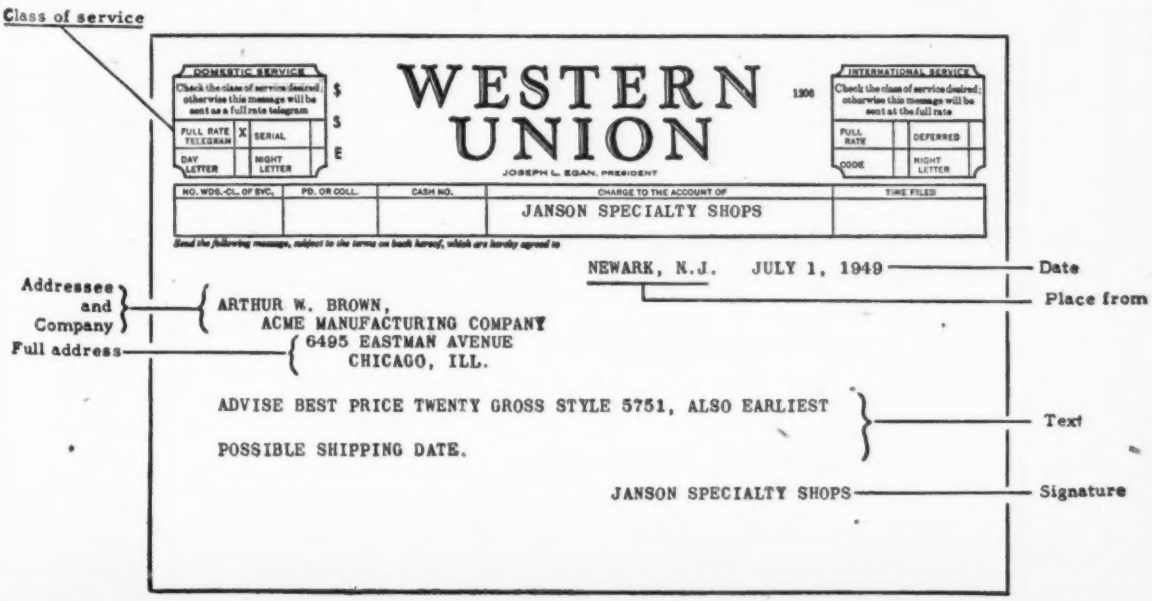
The Form Counts

Avis definitely can send a clear, correct message in ten words. Now let's look at the way Avis set up her telegram. Her heading should read:

Portland Oregon
January 12, 1949
10:15 a.m.

The time of day is as important as the date on many business telegrams and should come directly under the

(*Concluded on next page*)



Here is Western Union's sample of a well-written telegram. Each business telegram that you write should contain all the parts shown above.

"My Favorite Kind of Short Story"



Lundberg in Saturday Evening Post

"Can't you just *tell* Mrs. Keate about the story, dear?"

IN OUR November 17 issue we announced a contest on "My Favorite Kind of Short Story"—with a prize of $1.00 for the best letter on this subject written by a *Practical English* reader.

What started us on the contest idea were letters from boys asking for "more sports stories" and letters from girls asking for "more girl stories—or dating stories." So we tossed out the contest to see whether there could be any meeting of minds between the sexes!

Well, the battle still goes on. Most of the boys who wrote us named sports, adventure, science, and mystery stories as their favorites; most of the girls named boy-dates-girl or teen-age life stories as their favorites—with an occasional boost for humorous mystery stories.

Out of the contest letters we've chosen two as best.

Our hats are off—and our prize of $1.00 goes—to Ralph Adams *not* because of the orchid he gave to *Practical English*, but because of the second paragraph of his letter. Ralph's interest in meeting *all kinds* of stories is noteworthy, and we strongly suspect that he's more interested in how good the story is than what kind it is.

Dixie Sheehan receives an honorable mention for her original idea and her well-stated letter; but we can't promise Dixie that presto, writers will start turning out the kind of stories she suggests.

Dear Editor:

This letter may prove to be a startling revelation to you, but I am one of those persons who has no preference in kinds of short stories. Every story that has been published in *Practical English* has been read and enjoyed by me.

My only recommendation is that you print stories on subjects of all types, including sports, history, romance, everyday life, etc. This would be pleasing to all and make it possible for students to meet a broader field of literature.

Sincerely yours,
Ralph Adams
North Rose (N. Y.)
Central School

Dear Editor:

My favorite kind of short story is one that concerns not only things of interest to girls, but those of interest to boys too. Can't we compromise here? Wouldn't boys be interested in a short story about a teen-aged girl trying to win a swimming contest or a tennis game? And how about a boy having trouble deciding whether or not to escort his childhood playmate to the annual high school prom?

Whenever a sports story appears in *Practical English*, it almost always concerns an all-boy sport; whenever a story about dates appears, it's almost always about a girl. Maybe a change here would satisfy both girls and boys who read *Practical English*.

Sincerely yours,
Dixie Sheehan
Mankato (Minn.) High School

Letter Perfect

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

date. Two questions frequently asked about telegrams are: *When was it sent? When should it be received?*

Inside address. The inside address (the address of the person you are wiring) should be written out in full. In telegrams there is no charge for inside addresses. An *attention line*, if it is part of the inside address, is also free.

Stall and Stall
Attention: R. L. Stall
364 Cedar Street
Detroit, Michigan

Also *Personal* may be written after a name—without charge. A telephone number may be given as an address on a wire. The telegraph company will phone the message and also mail it to the addressee if he wishes it mailed.

Signature. Cross out *Avis Humboldt, Acting Secretary.* Mr. Skilliter's sending the telegram and it should bear his signature: *Ash Skilliter.* Mr. Skilliter's complete address may go under his signature, if he likes, but the telegraph company will charge for it.

Initials. The initials of the person responsible for the telegram (Mr. Skilliter) and of the stenographer doing the actual work (Avis Humboldt) go in the lower lefthand corner just as they do in a business letter. (AS/ah.) The telegraph company pays no attention to them, but they are useful for checking who sent the message if any question comes up in the business office.

Action, Please!

Now rewrite the telegram for Avis. If you're using a regular telegraph blank, be sure to check in the upper lefthand corner the box labeled *Telegram*, which is the fastest type of telegraph service (15-30 minutes for transmission and delivery). *Day letters* are slower than telegrams. They usually take two to three hours for delivery, but they are less expensive than long telegrams. Fifty-word *day letters* cost only 50 per cent more than ten-word telegrams. *Night letters* (taken as late as 2:00 a.m. for early morning delivery) also cost less than straight telegrams.

Serial service is used when you're going to send several short messages to the same person or firm during the course of the day. The words in all the messages are added together and given a reduced rate.

If you were really writing a telegram for Mr. Skilliter, you'd make three carbons. Make the original for the telegraph company, one carbon for the files, one carbon to mail to Stall and Stall, and one carbon to route to the accounting department of Mr. Skilliter's firm. The accounting department would use its carbon as a check on the telegraph company's monthly bill.

Ah, Sweet Youth

By Devil Bill Adams, 17,
Phoenix (Arizona) Union High School
Winner of Commendation for Short Story
In the 1948 Scholastic Writing Awards

But it's about as sweet as sauerkraut when your girl skates off with some other guy!

I GUESS I'm the unhappiest guy in the world. I have all kinds of troubles and worries, and the main thing that worries me is my girl, Babs. She's a cute little chick, about five feet one inch, soft brown eyes and almost black hair. She has a little pug nose that kinda wiggles when she smiles. She's sweet.

Oh, well, enough of this stuff. My troubles all started last night at the doggone dance. I knew I shouldn't have danced with that blonde. Babs saw us together and went home by herself. I guess she's pretty mad. I've found out she's going skating tonight at the pond. If I can get the old man's car, I'll go out and see if I can patch it up.

• • •

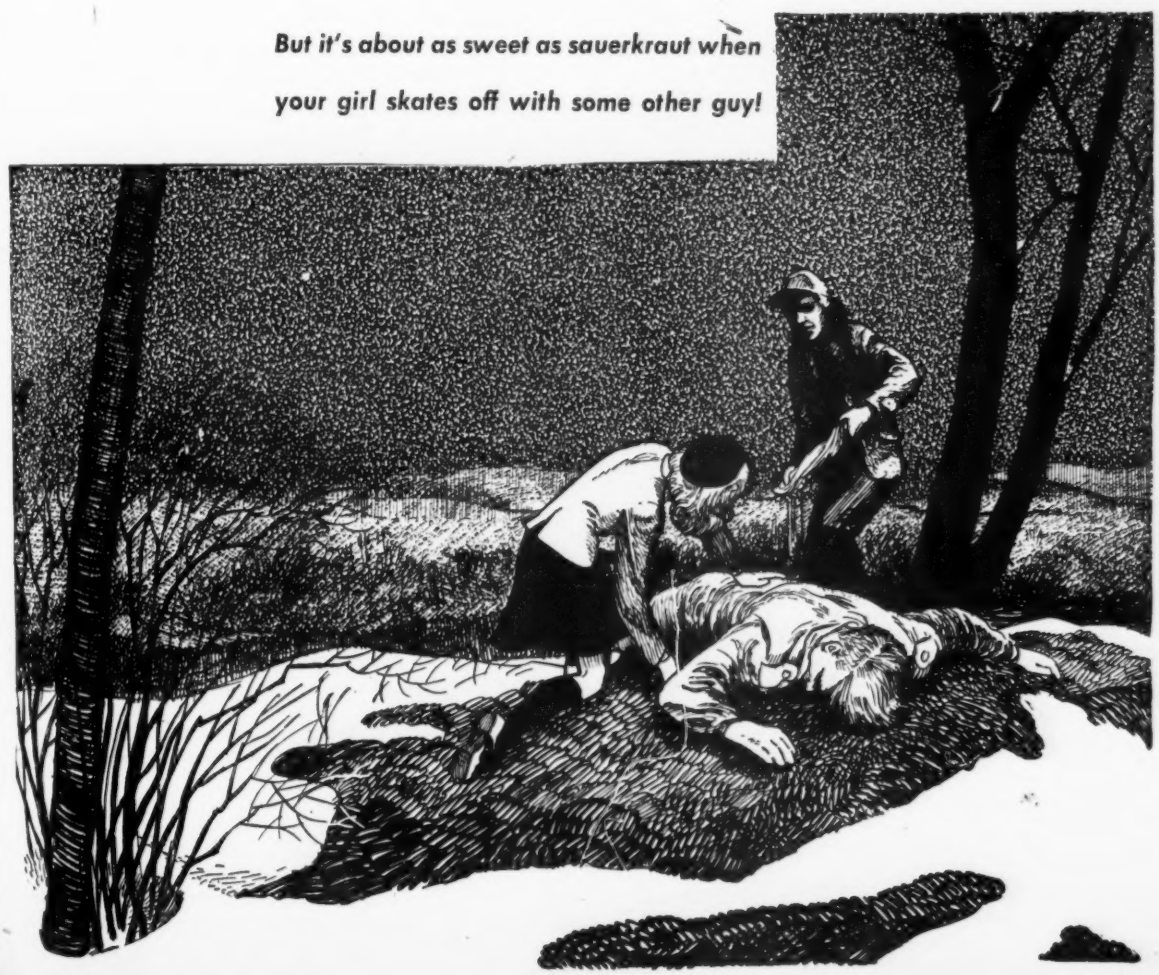
She was sitting on a log, lacing her skates. The way the light danced in her eyes made me want to go over in some corner and stack BB's. Her white skater's jacket, and the definitely-not-new-looking-hubba-hubba skirt that she had on were really dream stuff. We had been "going steady" for nearly three months now, but after last night she was about as cold as last week's salami. I moved into the light so she would know I wasn't hiding. I had to speak to her sometime—so "Hello."

"Hi," she says, like an icicle in January.

"Nice night, huh?"

"Yes, I guess it is."

Wow! This was worse than I thought. What could I do but try to make peace? I figured I'd better try a different line.



"Aw, what's the use?"

"What's the use in what?"

"Us acting like a couple of chop heads—after all, we are 'going steady,' aren't we?"

"Are we?"

"Sure we are. You said so yourself. If you wouldn't get so mad about *little* things."

"Little things! Johnny, if you call that *little*, you can take your darned old ring and . . ."

"Aw, Babs, all I did was dance with that little blonde from West High."

"You didn't have to hold her so close."

"Lookit, Babs, we aren't getting anywhere like this. I'll tell you what. I have the old man's car tonight. Let's dig out of here and drive around and talk."

It would be a cinch if I could get her in the car. You know, all by ourselves and a little soft music.

"No, Johnny. It won't work this time. I don't even know if I want to go out with you again."

Just like that, and she was off, swish, like a rabbit. And me with no skates. Beg her? Not me. I should live so long!

It was about nine o'clock. I had been hanging around that pond for two hours, looking like I just lost a weekend, while she had a good time.

SUDDENLY, like a kick in the teeth, I saw her sail past with some tall character I'd never seen before. That did it! If she was going to skate with him, she could go home with him too. Mine was the only car I could see, and I hoped they'd both have to walk the two miles back to town.

My thick head was still burning while I walked across the field to the road. The car started easily, but I almost got the thing stuck in a ditch when I backed too fast. Driving back to town, I began to cool off a little. I guess it was partly my fault. But she didn't have to skate with that guy. She's a sweet kid, though. Acted as if she'd known him a long time. I hope they both have to walk.

Hey! Wait a minute! If they walk into town, they'll be all by themselves! It's cold outside! Whoa! I forgot myself and slammed on the brakes. The road was icy and the stupid car acted like a hula dancer. I wonder when they put that fence in there. It doesn't matter. The dent isn't so big, anyhow.

I finally got the car turned around and started back for the pond. It wouldn't be so hot for her to know I left and came back, so I turned out the lights just before I got to the little footpath.

When I got down to the pond, the fire was nearly out and no one was in sight. Now what? Where did that big ape take her, anyhow? Now I was beginning to worry. Maybe if I holler, "Babs! Baabs!" No answer. I'd better think this over. If I had to walk into town, I'd take the short cut across the creek. Sure, that's where they went!

Down past the little dam, the going began to get rough. The creek was frozen over with thin ice, not strong enough to hold me up. There were tracks on the left bank, so I followed them. I guess I'd better shout again. "Baabs! Hey, Babs!"

A very weak reply came this time. A girl's voice said "Help" from about two hundred yards down the creek. After almost breaking my neck several times, I finally got to her. It was Babs, all right. The big lug that was with her was laid out on the bank. He was out, as cold as a mackerel. I could see that Babs was pretty scared, but that big guy wasn't hurt really bad. He'd slipped on a rock and banged his head against a



tree. I broke a hole in the ice and dipped my handkerchief in the water, put it on his forehead, and slapped his wrists. After a little of this, he began to come around. Babs was bending over him now. She was crying! Why should she be so worked up about this guy anyhow?

"Ted! Ted!" His name was Ted. Well, feature that. I was getting mad by this time. The big horse moaned, rubbed his head, and sat up very slowly. Babs was hanging around his neck, blubbering on his shoulder. What the heck?

I started back up the path to the pond. "Come on, let's get going. It's after eleven now and I was supposed to have the old man's car back by ten thirty."

They were about ten yards behind me, I guess. I didn't turn around but I could hear them, talking in low voices. So this was it, huh? The end, after spending all my dough on her for three months. We always had a lot of fun. After all, I'm a senior this year and I might not be able to get another girl before the end of the year.

What's the matter with me? I don't want another girl. I want Babs. I guess she's the only girl I'll ever be serious about. Besides, all the other cute chicks are "going steady."

By this time we were in the field on the way to the car. A voice that sounded like a clap of thunder rolled up from behind me. "Hey, Johnny. Wait!"

Oh, oh! Never thought of this. I don't want to have to fight that moose. He caught up to me quickly. I could see Babs walking slowly just out of range of our voices. Gee, he was big! He was a good-looking guy, too. About six three with broad shoulders. He looked a couple of years older than I.

"Lookit, fella, you got the wrong slant on this. She likes you, not me."

"She sure acts like it."

"That's just because she's a little burned about last night."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah!"

"How come she knows you so well? What's the old buddy, buddy stuff between you two?"

BY this time we had reached the car and Babs was almost up with us. I got in on my side and opened the door for them. The big guy, Ted, about half pushed her in first. I was looking straight ahead, but with the inside light on I could watch her reflection in the windshield. She was looking at me with those big brown eyes of hers, kinda soft and glowy. Ted closed the door, which turned off the light and snapped me out of it. I got the motor wound up and we took off. She was awfully close to me. Her hair blew over against my face and made me shiver all over. It always did. My face was burning when Ted spoke up.

"Look, both of you. Neither one of you will say a word so I'll talk for both of you. Johnny, you're mad at Babs because of the way she acted with me. Right? Well, I'll let you in on a secret. I've been in the Marines for three years and over in China for the last two. Babs loved me before I left and she loves me now. I hope it will always be that way, because I'm her brother."

Jumping catfish! What can a guy say after that? I felt as if I could crawl through a knot hole with plenty of room to spare. Babs reached up and took my right hand off the wheel and squeezed it in hers. I squeezed back, hard. Life is sure wonderful. I guess I'm the happiest guy on earth.

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

HERE IS a practice scoreboard to use in judging movies. It includes the main points you should consider in rating a film. The score for a *perfect* movie (if there is such a thing) would total 100. Any score from 65 up could be considered good. In our "Following the Films" ratings, we call a score of 85-100 a *tops, don't miss* film; 65-85, a *worthwhile* film; 0-65, *save your money.*

We've used the first column of the scoreboard to give you a sample rating on *Apartment for Peggy.* Note that *Peggy* rolls up a high score of 88 because it earns A-ratings on such important points as *theme, characterization,* and *entertainment value.* The *only* important point on which *Peggy* didn't get a top score was on *story.*

We rated the story B, because part of it was contrived—or "hatched up." The part of the story concerned with the young veteran and his wife (Bill Holden and Jeanne Crain) seemed to us completely natural, but the professor's (Edmund Gwenn's) half of the story, beginning with his announcement of his plan to commit suicide, seemed to us a forced or unnatural situation—dragged in to give extra suspense to the plot.

Use this scoreboard to find out *why* and *where* recent movies you have seen failed—or rang the bell.

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Apartment for Peggy

I. THEME (what the film is about)

A. Of interest to everyone; develops naturally; makes you think (20)	20
B. Worthwhile but has been overworked in recent films or doesn't develop naturally (15)	
C. Not made clear (5)	
D. Pointless or trivial (0)	

II. STORY (plot)

A. Interesting throughout; develops naturally; logical ending; excellent dialogue (15)	
B. Generally interesting, but action or dialogue occasionally lags; some of situations contrived (10)	10
C. No climax or unsuitable ending; weak story—or it seems as if you've seen this one before (5)	
D. Dull, boring, or trashy (0)	

III. CHARACTERIZATION (acting and speech)

A. Entire cast sincere and convincing; speech clear (15)	15
B. Acting adequate, but not exceptional, or too much "type-casting" (10)	
C. Poor acting in one or more important roles (5)	
D. Whole cast below par; stiff performances or "ham" acting (0)	

IV. DIRECTION

A. Unusual camera work; clever touches; smooth scene transitions; all parts of film contribute to main theme (10)	
B. Convincing, but undistinguished (7)	7
C. Mechanical in effect (3)	
D. Slow; jerky transitions (0)	

V. SETTING, COSTUMES, MAKE-UP, PROPERTIES

A. Noteworthy for beauty, realism, or contribution to interpretation of story (10)	10
B. Acceptable, but add nothing to film (7)	
C. Unsuitable or unreal (3)	
D. Slipshod or overdone (0)	

VI. LIGHTING AND PHOTOGRAPHY

A. Of high artistic merit; careful attention to composition; suited to mood and action of story; interesting photographic effects (5)	
B. Suitable (3)	3
C. Ordinary; does nothing to help create mood; lacks variety (2)	
D. Poor, meaningless use of lights; freakish camera angles; dull (0)	

VII. SOUND AND MUSICAL EFFECTS

A. Sound natural and music artistic; contribute to mood and meaning; sound and music well recorded (5)	
B. Satisfying (3)	3
C. Poor or blurred recording of sound; distracts from story (1)	
D. Unnatural, ugly tones; poorly synchronized with film track (0)	

VIII. ENTERTAINMENT VALUE

A. First-rate from beginning to end (10)	10
B. Good entertainment, as a whole, but occasionally lags (7)	
C. Ordinary; second-rate; slapstick or sentimental (3)	
D. Waste of time and money (0)	

IX. SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE

A. Timely, enlightening, and inspiring; gives insight into real life and helps in understanding other people (10)	10
B. Has some constructive ideas, but not very convincing (7)	
C. Neutral, harmless (3)	
D. Destructive; encourages prejudice, irreverence, disregard for law; undue emphasis on violence, crime, or sex (0)	

Total Score	88

Learn to Think... STRAIGHT

"LET'S go to see a detective movie," Jim suggested. "How about *The Search?*"

"What makes you think that's a detective film?" Butch asked.

"George liked it, and he particularly likes detective movies," Jim replied, as if that "cinched" the argument.

Jim was surprised when he settled in the theatre to watch *The Search*, a picture about German refugee children.

The reason Jim slipped up is more important than his mistake about a particular movie. He wasn't thinking straight. Because George likes detective films doesn't mean that *all* the films he likes are about detectives. This is the *illogical* way Jim reasoned:

1. George likes detective films.
2. George likes this film.
3. Therefore, this must be a detective movie.

Did you catch the twist in Jim's logic? The first sentence is a general one about *all* of a class of something—detective movies, in this case. The second sentence should mention *one* of the same class. Take a look at the *logical* example below:

1. My brother likes detective films.
2. This is a detective film.
3. Therefore, my brother is sure to like it.

Are Your Wits Sharp?

In this column during this semester we've been talking about how to make up your mind. Are you alert for accurate facts and authoritative opinions? Do you stop and try to understand what you read or hear? Now we come to the final step in making up your mind—straight thinking. How sharp are your wits? Do you catch illogical thinking around you? Do you yourself think straight?

Look at this remark:

"He's a member of a labor union. He must be, because I heard him say he believes in the idea of labor unions."

Would this sentence slip by you without a challenge? We hope not! The reasoning goes, *incorrectly*, like this:

1. Most members of labor unions believe in the idea of unions.
2. He believes in the idea of unions.
3. Therefore, he must be a member of a union.

Here is the *correct* reasoning:

1. Most members of labor unions believe *in* the idea of unions.
2. He is a member of a union.
3. Therefore, it's likely that he believes in the idea of labor unions.

In the example above we reasoned *down*—from a statement about *all* or *a majority* of something to a statement about *one* of the same type of thing. Sometimes this is called *syllogism* or *deductive* reasoning.

Can we also reason *up*? Certainly. This is called inductive reasoning. We can start with a single example and draw a conclusion about *all* such things, such as *All cherries grow with pits.* This is making a generalization. (We talked about generalizations last week.)

A scientist uses both kinds of reasoning in what he calls the "scientific method." (1) Suppose he experiments with samples of blood until he feels safe in making a generalization about *all* blood. For example, *White corpuscles in* (all) *blood fight disease-germs.* (This is *reasoning up.*) (2) The scientist *checks* this general conclusion with the work of other scientists. (3) When he pricks your finger for a drop of blood, he doesn't need to experiment with blood all over again. He takes the generalization he has made above and *reasons down* to help him tell how healthy you are.

a. White corpuscles in blood fight disease germs.

b. This drop from your finger is a sample of blood.

c. Therefore, the number of white corpuscles in this drop will help me measure your resistance to disease germs.

Tracking Down the Cause

Here's a third kind of thinking: Roger came charging up the school steps to announce that he had won a radio in a jingle contest!



David Huffine in Collier's

"I don't see why he can't be impartial in our favor sometimes."

"How did it happen?" his friends wanted to know. (If they knew what *caused* Roger's luck, they would know what to do in order to bring themselves such fortune.)

"Well," Roger's fingers lighted on something soft in his pocket, "it's my rabbit's foot."

That's the way superstitions start. Something happens. We wonder about the cause of it. Someone states the first thing that pops into his mind, even if it has *no relation* to the result we're talking about. If Roger's friends accept the rabbit's foot as the cause of his success, they rob themselves of the chance of profiting by Roger's experience.

Superstitions are only the most obvious examples of illogical causes. What about these remarks?

He always gets good grades. He's just bright.

She's popular because she wears beautiful clothes.

Do you recognize the first sentence as a favorite excuse for not buckling down to the books and getting good grades yourself? Think a bit about *why* the best students in the class are "tops."

Whoever spoke the second sentence is on the wrong track for popularity. Looking trim, rather than sloppy, is a step in the right direction, but the kind of clothes is hardly ever the whole story.

Then what about advertisements that claim using a certain product will be the *cause* of success, etc.? If you read such ads carefully, you'll see that most of them are just jolly exaggerations of familiar situations; the advertiser uses exaggeration to attract our attention. His advice to us—to be clean and well-groomed—is basically good.

As long as you check whether a cause is *likely*, illogical thinking won't trip you. In a slogan like *She uses Pond's—she's engaged!* there is no logical connection between the ideas.

What about the cure-alls advertised? It just doesn't make sense for a wooden bead necklace to be the cause of a cure of measles; but hundreds of people put up cash for such quackeries.

Check causes by asking: Would the same thing have happened even if this "cause" hadn't existed?

Keep your wits sharp. Watch for more types of straight thinking in next week's column.

"I'm Just No Good in Math!"



POOR Dick Stevens. He's just "no good" in geometry. At least, that's what Dick says.

"Math's for people with routine minds and no imagination," Dick explains. "I just can't understand problems about triangles and such. I'll probably turn out like other well-known writers whose checkbooks never agree with their bank statements. So what? I can always hire a bookkeeper. They're a dime a dozen!"

Dick's a better-than-average student in social studies and when it comes to English literature, he's at the top of the class. Dick's also good at remembering a street or phone number—especially if it belongs to a cute blonde. But he just can't remember math rules and figures.

"I think," his older sister commented seriously, "that you get a kick out of playing dumb in math. You're always boasting that you can't add two and two. Do you actually concentrate on geometry in class? Or are you concentrating on something else—day-dreaming or enjoying how dumb you are?"

• • •

Here's a story that has happened many times. Let's "talk it over."

1. Do you sympathize with Dick or anyone else who's just "no good" in a particular school subject or activity? Why is it that Dick can be good in social studies and English and poor in geometry? Does math require a different kind of intelligence than other subjects? Or is Dick's trouble that he doesn't try hard enough?

2. What do you think of Dick's sister's comment? Why did she say that Dick's "playing dumb"? Is there any reason to think that Dick doesn't consider math classes worthwhile? Why does Dick's sister believe that Dick could do well in geometry if he really concentrated on it?

What's Really Important?

THERESA DANKO *(to her brother, Alex)*: Why couldn't our folks be like other people—speak English, live like Americans? Their old-country ways make me ashamed to invite friends into our home. We'd probably have duck soup or wieners rolled in cabbage, instead of creamed chicken or something my friends like. Dad would be sure to bring out all his old pictures and souvenirs to show to the guests. Mamma might even want to sing some of those strange folk songs of hers!

MARTHA BROWN *(to her friend, Ruth Farr)*: I ran into Theresa Danko with her mother the other day at the grocery. Theresa acted as if she didn't want to introduce her mother to me. Finally she said, "Mamma, this is my friend, Martha!" I liked Mrs. Danko immediately. She has a lot of personality—energy, flashing eyes, and a big smile. It's true that Mrs. Danko wasn't "dressed up," but she was neat as a pin. I'll bet she's a lot like that wonderful mother in the movie, *Mama's Bank Account*. I wish Theresa would ask us over to her house sometime. I'd love to talk to someone like Mrs. Danko.

• • •

It seems that there are two sides to this story, doesn't it? Let's see if we can help solve the problem.

1. Is Theresa justified in being ashamed of her parents' old-country ways? Why? Is Theresa partly to blame for the fact that her folks haven't learned "American ways" more quickly?

2. If you were Theresa's best friend, what would you suggest that she do about her problem? Should she try to understand her parents better by learning more about their customs in the old country? Or should she urge her parents to forget all about the old country and try to be just like every other "old American family"?

3. What advantages does Theresa have over Americans whose families can speak only English and who've never lived in another country? Why does Martha Brown wish to visit the Danko home?

"Muscle-bound" Thinkers

Frank Melcher is convinced of one thing—gym classes and athletics in general are a waste of time.

"I wouldn't be one of those muscle-bound blockheads who go out for football, basketball, and track," Frank exclaims. "That's all they know. They're too dumb to remember that Columbus discovered America. Sure, they build up a lot of muscle now. In a few years it turns into fat and they drop dead of heart failure when they're about 50."

Speed King, a member of the varsity football team, has another viewpoint. "What would Lee High amount to if it weren't for sports? English and history classes are okay for girls and intellectuals. But for a red-blooded man, there's nothing like sports. If I can only make State College's team next year, I'll be all set. I'll plug for All-American. When I finish college, I'll have a name. Big businesses all want football stars for salesmen and for boss jobs."

Frank and Speed represent extreme viewpoints about the value of physical training, don't they? Perhaps each of them is partly right and partly wrong.

1. Why do people like Frank think that athletics are a waste of time? What examples of sports stars in your school prove that some athletes are intelligent, superior in school studies?

2. If you were Frank's best friend, how would you convince him that everyone needs some physical training? How would you convince Speed that a working knowledge of English, math, and history are important for success in the business world?

3. What extra-curricular activities, other than sports, would you suggest for developing a well-rounded personality?

YOU WROTE IT!



SO YOU think that poetry must be reserved for serious, "deep" subjects? Now is a good time to pop holes in that theory. The first pop takes the form of several brief stanzas entitled "Socks." As you read LaRue Bennett's poem, notice the unusual – but pleasing – rhythm and rhyming.

After you've read it, try your own hand at versifying on the theme of a pet peeve. Anything goes: string beans, final exams, conversation hogs, wet feet. Keep it short and simple; experiment to your heart's content. Then send it to: "You Wrote It," *Practical English*, 7 East 12th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Socks

I hate socks with elastic tops
And each time I buy
A pair,
I swear
I'll never buy another.

Because the elastic in one
Always seems
To me
To be
Weaker than the other.

LaRue Bennett
Taylorville (Illinois) H. S.

° ° °

Here's a poem that chuckles with a more tongue-in-cheek type of humor. "Fish" is composed in *free verse*. This type of poetry need not rhyme; and it follows the rhythms of ordinary conversation, rather than the meters of conventional verse. (This is another field where you might try juggling around a few test tubes. Don't forget to let us see the results.)

Fish

There are many kinds of fish.
Some have cannibalistic qualities.
The biggest devour the smallest;
The smallest lunch on the tiniest.
This process does repeat itself
Continually – ad infinitum.
Fish! Of many kinds, brightly colored.
Big and little, they swim
About in the deep dark pool,
Picking their teeth with their tails.

Gerard Dobson
Washingtonville (N. Y.) H. S.

° ° °

Did you see a vivid picture in your mind's eye as you read the last line of Gerard Dobson's poem above? The following poem may do the same thing for you. It's a cooperative project, turned out by Class 8 SP of Straus Junior High School (Brooklyn, N. Y.), the same school that sent us "Noises" several months back. ("You Wrote It," October 6.) The rhyme and rhythm of this one were improved by Rochelle Richter, a student in the class. We've received a few cooperative poems from other schools, incidentally, and are looking forward to seeing more of them soon.

Silences

It is true there is power in the spoken word,
But what of the sounds that are not heard?

The sleepy tranquility 'twixt dark and dawn,
The airy silence of early morn.
The peacefulness of a sleeping child.
The mysterious calm of the forest wild.
The exciting tight game – with the pitcher on the mound.
Isn't there quiet instead of sound?

The tense stillness of a new father, awaiting the nurse.
The mute, solemn finality that clings about a hearse.
Suspense in the death house of the convict going to his doom,
The stifled quiet in the operating room.

The sudden hush of an audience as the curtain is lifted.
The peace after a storm, when the snow has drifted.
The taut moment in the courtroom 'ere the verdict's read,
The agonized quiet of a mother, who's learnt her soldier son's dead.
It is quite still as the rainclouds form,
For there's always a dead lull before the storm

And when troubles about you are pressing bitter hard,
Go, if you will, where it is still,
And say a silent prayer to God!



Poetry isn't the only writing that's welcome in "You Wrote It." There's a place for short essays, stories, and newspaper articles, too. As a sample, this is a feature story that ran on the front page of the San Diego (California) H. S. newspaper, the *San Diego Russ*.

(Why not bombard *your* school paper with news of *P. E.*-inspired activities?)

'CLEAN SWEEP' MADE BY SOPHS

Practical Ideas from *Practical English*

"Lift that mop, tote that dust rag," was the by-word in Mrs. Verl Smurthwaite's homeroom last Friday, when her sophomore Business Background class unleashed the elbow grease and rid room 105 of every surplus speck of paper, desk marks, chalk dust, and just plain dust, that could be found anywhere in sight.

The whole thing started when Mrs. Smurthwaite's class read the weekly "Dear Joe" letter in the magazine *Practical English*, depicting a modern high school scene in which a group of students literally "tore up" a study hall period during the teacher's absence. The plot thickened when the principal and the president of the school board stepped in. The school board official's inspection tour ended in a lecture to a certain girl with a terribly scratched-up desk, on how her father pays for her school equipmeent. The perfectly innocent girl finally repented of something-er-other, and decided that her poor hard-working dad had stood all the financial abuse that he could stand, and resolved never to mark another book or scratch another desk.

After reading this clever appeal for preservation of the school's tax-purchased property, the sophs, at their teacher's suggestion, decided to put their room in tip-top shape.

What a class – the answer to a school board's dreams!

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

Vol. 5, No. 14, January 12, 1949

NAME_____ CLASS_____

Watch Your Language

Just for fun, try your hand at the following sentences. Underline the word in each set of parentheses that makes the sentence correct:

1. (Him, He) and (I, me) went to the same grade school.
2. Did you think the criminal was (he, him)?
3. Let (she, her) and (me, I) go together.
4. (Us, We) boys aren't as silly as you girls think we are.
5. Jack is taller than (me, I).
6. (Who, Whom) are you dating tonight?
7. Between you and (me, I) there should be no hard feelings.

Did you bat 100%? Were you puzzled at all? Did you know why you chose *me* instead of *I*? Or *I* instead of *me*?

If you breezed through these sentences without an error, without a moment of doubt or hesitation, then you've learned your lesson. But hang around anyhow just to see why your friends are having trouble. It'll make you feel better—and smarter, too.

The words in parentheses are all *personal pronouns*. We took these up last time. The only difficulty people have with these pronouns is knowing what *case* to use.

Case, you remember, is the form of a *noun* or *pronoun* that shows how it is related to other words in a sentence.

(*Continued on page* 20, *column* 1)



"This is her—she—me—I mean, it's Peg!"

Are You Spellbound?

Can you add 1+1? All right, then, you can spell correctly *at least 100* words that have been making your life miserable all these years.

Yes—you can safely tuck away *100* "spelling demons" if you can add 1+1.

The secret? There isn't any—no mirrors, no sleight of hand, no tricks of any kind. Just simple arithmetic!

Now don't get excited. You can't solve all your spelling problems as easily as this; but you can slay a very special kind of demon. So get out your snickersnee and let's get to work.

Which of these spellings is correct:

1. disappear
2. dissappear
3. dissappoint
4. disappoint

Of course, number 1 and number 4 are the correct ones. But how do you know? How can you be sure? Let's take a look at those two words again:

disappear
disappoint

Notice anything about them? Yes, that's right! They both have something in common—the first three letters: *dis*.

What about the rest of each word? That's a little odd, too, isn't it?

appear
appoint

They're both *words* that mean something by themselves.

So what have we here? Each of these words, *disappear* and *disappoint*, consists of *two* parts:

dis + appear=disappear
dis + appoint=disappoint

All you have to do then is to *add* the parts together. Presto! You have your word. As simple as 1+1! That's all there is to it.

Just a word now about *dis*. *Dis* is a *prefix*, something tacked onto the beginning of a word to change its original meaning.

So all you do here is to add a prefix—*dis*—to a word like *appear* and you get *disappear*.

Disappear and *disappoint* are pretty simple. You're likely, however, to run into a little trouble when the prefix *ends* with the *same letter* with which the word *begins*. Let's take an example: Is it *dissolve* or *disolve*?

Take the word apart and you'll see: *dis* + *olve*? or *dis* + *solve*?

The answer of course, is: dis + solve=dissolve.

(*Continued on page* 20, *column* 2)

(*Continued from page* 19, *column* 1)

The case of a pronoun changes to show differences in meaning. (Nouns have case, too—but the form is the same for all cases, except the possessive.)

There are three cases: *Nominative, possessive,* and *objective.*

(Last time, we discussed a special form of the objective case. We'll come back to that later.)

Let's start now with the *nominative case* which is used for:

1. The subject of a sentence
2. The predicate nominative

Nominative Case of Pronouns

I, we, you, he, she, it, they.

Memorize these now—and your troubles are practically over.

Subject of Sentence

I want to go home.
He wants to go to the game.
They aren't happy here.

These are easy when you use them alone. Things begin to get snarled a bit when you use two or three as the subject:

He and *I* played basketball today.

Both *he* and *I* are in the nominative case because they are both subjects of the sentence. You wouldn't say:

Him played basketball.
Me played football.

Then why say (as some of you occasionally do):

Him and *me* played football?

Him and *me* are in the objective case and just couldn't be used as subjects of a sentence.

We'll take up the predicate nominative next time. Meanwhile, let's see if we've gotten the *nominative case* for the subject all set. These sentences are easy—but that doesn't matter. The important thing for you to do is to get them all correct—and to know why.

Underline the word in parentheses that makes the sentence correct. Three points for each sentence. **Total, 30.**

1. You and (we, us) will have to stick together.
2. (He, Him) and (she, her) are cousins.
3. John and (them, they) will be present.
4. Sally, Milly, and (I, me) are coming at 8 p.m.
5. Uncle John and (her, she) can't come.
6. Jack, Bill, and (him, he) are co-captains.
7. (Him, He) and (me, I) know what the score is.
8. (Us, We) or (them, they) are responsible for this mess.
9. (Us, We) or your relatives will pay the bill.
10. (She, Her) and (me, I) can't be friends any more.

My score_____

(*Continued from page* 19, *column* 2)

Now let's take a few more of the more common prefixes and see how this 1+1 business works out.

mis + place=misplace
mis + spell=misspell
Easy as pie, isn't it? All you do is add.
un + natural=unnatural
un + necessary=unnecessary
Could anything be simpler? Subtraction, for example?
over + run=overrun
over + take=overtake
This is like taking candy away from a baby!
il + legible=illegible
il + legal=illegal
im + mortal=immortal
im + moral=immoral

Now you know the whole story—at least enough to do this quiz.

Let's see how well you can add. In the following quiz there are five groups of words. At the beginning of each group we'll tell you what letter is needed to complete the word. Your job? To write in the blank space either one or two *s*'s, *l*'s or whatever the letter is. Count two points for each word. Total, 60.

A. Write in the correct number of *s*'s in:

1. di____able
2. di____ervice
3. mi____tep
4. mi____place
5. di____atisfaction
6. di____armament
7. di____possess
8. di____honor

B. Write in the correct number of *l*'s in:

9. i____egal
10. i____ogical
11. i____iterate
12. i____egitimate

C. Write in the correct number of *n*'s in:

13. u____real
14. u____oticed
15. u____pleasant
16. u____eeded

D. Write in the correct number of *m*'s in:

17. i____obile
18. i____ature
19. i____igrate
20. i____practical
21. i____pure

E. Write in the correct number of *r*'s in:

22. ove____done
23. ove____each
24. ove____ule
25. ove____eat
26. unde____take
27. ove____ipe
28. unde____sea
29. unde____value
30. ove____turn

My score_____

Sign Language

Relax, fellows. Today is the day when we polish off the comma and its many uses. We haven't said all there is to be said about the comma, but we've said enough. Agreed?

We've covered most of the situations where you're likely to need a comma. If you can use the comma as we've discussed it so far, you're in now for the mopping-up operation.

Parenthetical Expressions

Don't reach for the smelling salts! We'll admit that these things called *parenthetical expressions* or *elements* are strong stuff to take all at once; but if you'll hold on for just a second, we'll explain.

Parenthetical expressions are words, phrases, or clauses which appear somewhere in the middle of sentences. If you drop them out, the sentences still make sense. For example:

John, *of course*, stayed at home.

Mr. Hartley, *as you know*, is my uncle.

Now notice two things about these sentences:

1. We can drop the parenthetical expressions and the sentences are still clear:

John stayed at home.

Mr. Hartley is my uncle.

2. When we include parenthetical expressions in a sentence, we put commas around them—*before* and *after*:

John, of course, stayed at home.

Mr. Hartley, as you know, is my uncle.

We use commas around parenthetical expressions to seal them off from the rest of the sentence, so the reader can see them for what they are.

Why put parenthetical expressions in sentences if you can drop them without anybody's knowing the difference? Good question, professor!

It's true that parenthetical expressions aren't necessary. You can make yourself understood without them. Some people go through their whole lives without using parenthetical expressions. But if they do, they're missing that extra something that makes their writing and speaking more exact and gives it more meaning. Proof? Here it is:

John wore his jeans to the senior prom.

(*Continued on page 22, Column 1*)



Follette in Saturday Evening Post

"Dear . . . got it? Sir . . . O.K.? Colon. That's two dots—"

Words to the Wise

Down Maryland way recently, a Captain K. and a Mr. C. had an argument. Losing his temper, Captain K. voiced the opinion that Mr. C. was a *screwball*. Mr. C., nursing his wounded dignity, took the case to court. The judge sympathized with Mr. C.; he agreed that it certainly wasn't complimentary to be called a *screwball*. But, he added, there was nothing much that could be done about it since it's absolutely legal to use slang.

Ha, you may gloat, it's absolutely legal; I knew it all along—there's no reason why I shouldn't use slang.

Hold on! We never claimed that slang wasn't legal. We would never have dared say that, for much slang is actually literary.

Did you know, for instance, that Chaucer referred to dice as *bones* way back in 1386? That in 1605 Shakespeare applied *lily-livered* to one of his cowards? And that Milton used *bull* to mean blunder, or boner, in 1642? We moderns have no corner on slang.

At its best, slang can be accurate, amusing, and witty. Humor and color are added to our language by words like *graveyard shift*, *bottleneck*, and *ward-heeler*. Such words are specific and lively. But all slang doesn't come out of the same top drawer, and too many of our pet expressions are vague and meaningless.

What do you mean when you say that Jane is *solid?* Is she pretty, a good talker, a first-rate dancer, a good student? *Solid* doesn't give us a clear picture of Jane. The word lacks meaning.

You run another risk when you use slang: People may not know what you're talking about. Many slang expressions are localized; they're used in one particular region or in one particular business. They mean nothing to people who live in other places, or work in other fields.

Would you know what an actor meant when he referred to *b.o.*? He'd be talking about "box office appeal," not about the less pleasant phrase that those initials stand for. If an Englishman told you that he was a *bagman*, would you realize that he was a traveling salesman?

Though it may be legal to use slang, it may also be dangerous. Play it safe by avoiding the vague, wornout words that mean nothing to you or your listeners. Play it smart by avoiding the specialized words that mean nothing to your unspecialized listeners.

This is a just-for-fun quiz that may prove our point. Each italicized slang phrase in the sentences below is very common in a certain place or business. How many of them can you translate? (And, though you needn't score yourself on this, how many can you label as to locality or field?)

1. I would have given anything for a *baggage-smasher*.
2. It's against my principles to buy from *scalpers*.
3. Will you let me have a *pair of sinkers*, Al?
4. He's the biggest *chucker-out* I've ever seen.
5. A good reporter must always be *on the qui vive*.
6. When he died, all his possessions *went under the hammer*.
7. Did you see him *high-tail it* out of here?
8. Have you finished your *blurb* for "Open Sesame"?
9. My girl has an important job down in the *morgue*.
10. Chris and Elmer are doing a great job on that new *cliff-hanger*.

(*Continued from page* 21, *column* **1**)

What does this mean? Doesn't John know any better? Is it a gag? It's hard to tell, isn't it?

Now let's add a parenthetical expression:

John, *as everyone predicted,* wore his jeans to the senior prom.

Now it's clear. It was a gag. Everyone knew John was planning to do it.

Take a good squint at these sentences (*below*) and place commas around—*before* and *after*—the parenthetical expressions. Two points for each sentence. Total, 10.

1. Mother as you may have guessed is planning a surprise party for Joan.
2. Abe on the other hand needs to learn to spell.
3. We are in general ready to meet the emergency.
4. Father to be sure wasn't taken in by my excuse.
5. Anabel as everyone knew hadn't studied for the test.

My score_____ My total score_____

Answers in Teacher Edition



HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

By *SLIM SYNTAX*

Will you please tell me the correct usage here? When a person is presenting a number on a program, does he say, "I *shall* play the piano"? Or does he say, "I *will* play the piano"?

Mary Jo Willms, Big Four H. S., Kingfisher, Okla.

There is still quite a to-do over which to say, Mary Jo. Until the experts make up their minds, I think you ought to play it safe (both the piano and the grammar) and say, "I shall play the piano."

But you ought to know that some experts say it doesn't matter whether you say "I shall" or "I will." Other experts say that "I shall" means that sometime in the future (perhaps the near future) you're going to play the piano. "I will," they say, means that you are *determined* to play the piano—by hook or crook.

• • •

The other day my English teacher underlined this sentence in my composition: *The two boys were both alike.*

Next to it she wrote *redundant.* What's wrong with the sentence? What does *redundant* mean?

L. R., New Haven, Conn.

Redundant means "too-muchness"—using more words than you need. It's enough to say: "The two boys were alike." *Both* isn't necessary here at all. You've already said the *two* boys, so it's very clear that you mean *both.* Certainly, *one* couldn't be alike, could he?

• • •

Which is correct: come *quick* or come *quickly*?

R. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

In this instance, both are correct. *Quick* and *quickly* are both adverbs here. This usage of *quick* as an adverb is accepted. There are other examples of words which are used as adverbs without adding *ly*:

Drive slow!

Hug me *tight* (not tightly)!

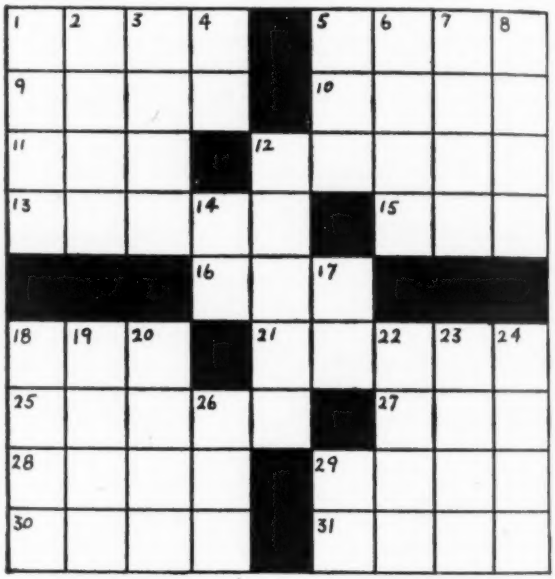
The batter drove the ball ***deep*** (not deeply) into center field.

Are You Up on U. N.?

United Nations news will soon be flying thick and fast again when the U. N. Assembly reconvenes in New York in a few months. See if you can recognize the U. N. names and initials in this puzzle.

All told, there are 36 definitions. Counting 3 points each, can you hit the bull's eye with a perfect score of 108?

The answers are in the Teacher Edition this week. Next week they'll appear on this page.



ACROSS

1. Latin American member of U. N.; capital—Lima.
5. Costa ——; Nicaragua was recently charged with invading this country.
9. Malt beverages.
10. Six Middle Eastern U. N. members also belong to the —— League.
11. U. N. member from Africa (*abbrev.*).
12. Picture, reflection.
13. Cleveland Indians pitcher; *also* a citrus fruit.
15. Gross profit minus costs.
16. Initials of U. N. pioneer.
18. The FAO—U. N. food agency—wants everyone to be able to ——.
21. Former Axis partner applying for U. N. membership.
25. Newest U. N. member.
27. The eggs of a fish.
28. Operatic solo.
29. Initials of a California university.
30. "What's in a ——?"
31. Problems of the—— East are often on U. N. agenda.

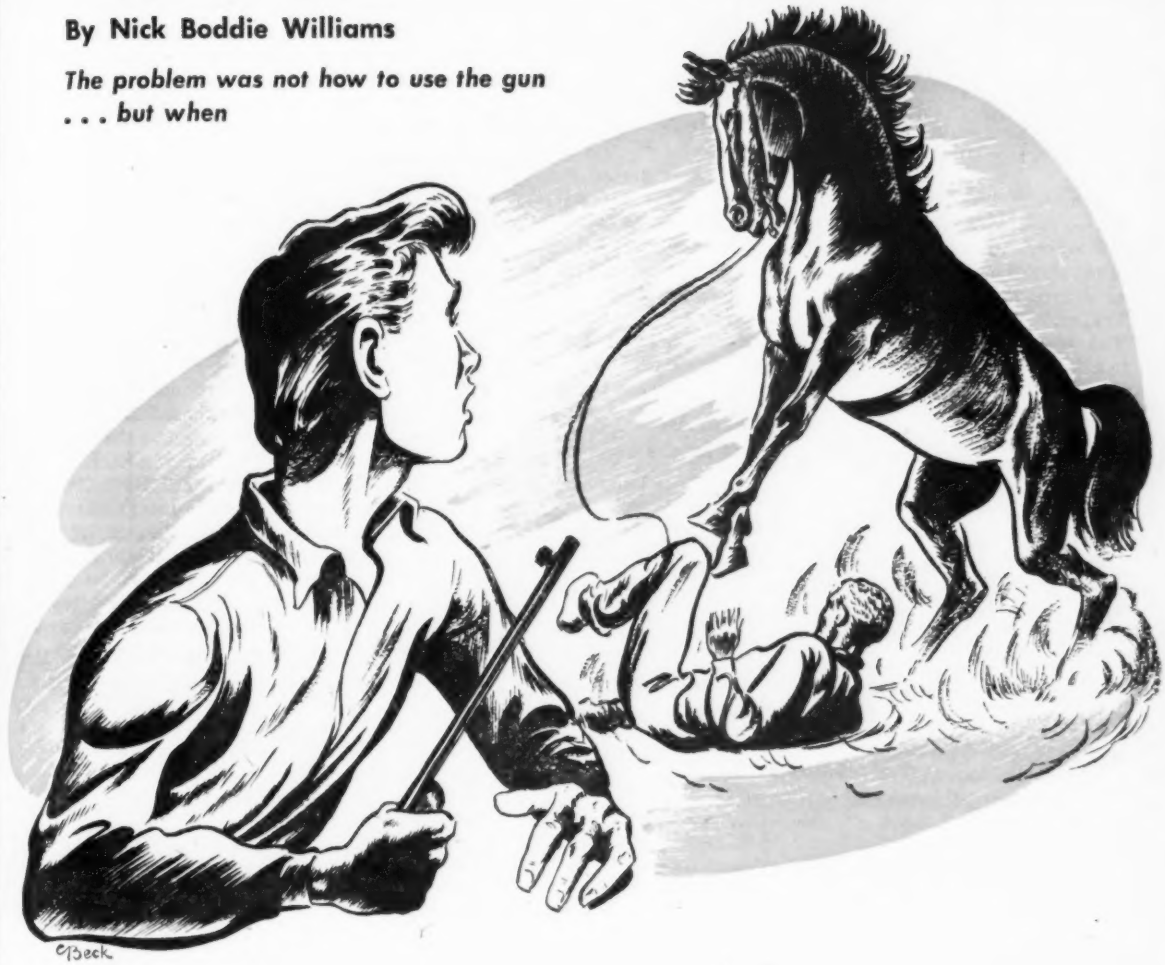
DOWN

1. —— Henri Spaak, Belgian delegate to the U. N.
2. Otherwise.
3. A pack of 500 sheets of paper.
4. "Big Five" member (*abbrev.*).
5. Mascot of Fordham Univ.
6. U. N. member, host to Teheran conference.
7. "I'm only a bird in a gilded ——."
8. Aid, encourage.
12. U. N. member, until recently British Crown Colony.
14. Preposition.
17. Right (*abbrev.*).
18. Aubrey ——, Israeli delegate to U. N.
19. An air about a person.
20. To decorate, as a hat.
22. Dr. José ——, Argentine delegate to U. N.
23. Spanish girl's name.
24. Twelve months.
26. "—— West," nickname for Navy lifesaver.
29. Organization that is "the last best hope of earth" (*abbrev.*).

My score_____

By Nick Boddie Williams

The problem was not how to use the gun . . . but when



IMPORTANT TO A MAN

THE HAZE had lifted a little. It was going to be hot, but not yet a while, for the first smoke of morning was coming from old Walter's cabin far back by the hickory grove. We were walking in single file, Brother Emory and I, our boots making a punching sound on the earth. I was in front and dared not look behind, but I could sense the tautness of his great, gaunt body as he followed me.

"Go west," he said.

I turned that way, moving obliquely by the slave-made limestone fence, away from Brother Emory's ramshackle house. The green smells of Kentucky's summer – honeysuckle, thistle, tobacco – seemed ranker for the powdered dust our boots kicked up. My palms felt moist against the rifle's walnut stock.

"Don't tighten up," said Brother Emory. "Go slow – go slow."

I tried. I kept on thinking how he'd walk if he was out in front, the rifle resting easy in his hand, the one that had no thumb to it, only the scar where long ago he'd sheared it off with a tobacco knife. But it was hard to do. For this might be the morning that he let me have the rifle for my own. He'd promised me. "The time will come," he'd said when I first came to visit him. "You'll learn."

I thought of that as we moved past the creek, and then ahead of us I saw the gravestones of the little cemetery on the rise of ground. I slowed uncertainly.

"Go on," said Brother Emory.

"Between the graves?" I asked.

His gray eyes, deep beneath his thick, gray brows, seemed cold, appraising. "You leery, boy?"

"No, sir," I said. "Except –"

"It shows no disrespect to walk among the dead," said Brother Emory. "They don't mind company. Might be pleasing to these boys to hear a gun again. They're General Forrest's boys, some of them kin to you. Go on."

I didn't like it but I went ahead. We moved between the graves upon the softer grass, until we reached the limestone fence again and followed that, down past the cattails of the creek until I saw the low-pitched eaves of Brother Emory's house. Then as we trudged into the waist-high corn, I heard him whisper, "Now!"

The rabbit jumped. I raised the rifle and took aim and fired and hit him as I should have done. He leaped high in the air and plunged into the harrowed dirt, kicked and lay still.

I turned excitedly. Somewhere, far

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off from us, a guinea gave its silly, piercing cry.

"We'll go back now," said Brother Emory, "fo' Walter burns the hoecakes up. You're spindlin', boy – you've got to do a lot of growin' in the next three years."

That hurt, and he must have known it, for he had seen my face when I turned around. His hand came down upon my shoulder.

"Look here, boy –"

"Yes, sir."

"That was a dandy shot." He said it in that harsh, strong voice of his, the way that men can build a fire in boys' hearts, never talking down. "That was a beauty, boy – but you're not ready for the gun. There's more than aimin' straight to bein' ready for a gun."

"Yes, sir, but when –?"

"The time will come," he said. "You'll learn. You'll know."

And in that moment someone turned in at the gate. It was a buggy driven very fast, careening in the dust that spewed up after it. At first it was so far away that I could not be sure of who it was, and Brother Emory's admiring whistle startled me.

"Hattie!" he cried. He held his thumbless hand above his eyes, his mouth fixed in a smile that had no merriment. And then: "My God! Look at that horse."

The horse was rearing in the buggy shafts. There was a twisting, slashing malice in the pawing of its hoofs, striking like knives into the air and down at something in the lane. It must have been the cantankerous yelping of the hounds, awakened from their napping in the dust, for all at once old Walter burst out of Brother Emory's house and we could hear his voice, angry and hoarse, shouting at them as he ran furiously toward the plunging horse.

"You Fred! You Mike! You Sam Get out of from dere!"

The buggy's reins went tight. The horse stood in a rigid arc, held there, its ears laid back, compact with violence. Then Walter grabbed its bridle and yanked down.

"That Hattie!" Brother Emory groaned. "You better come on, boy – yo' grandma's here."

He went off with that country gait of his, long-legged, moving fast. I followed him, watching old Walter lead the jerking horse along.

Grandmother sat there in the driver's seat, the reins taut in her tiny hands, and suddenly it came to me why she was here.

"Brother Emory," she'd said that spring when she was sending me to him, "wants you to come. It is his right. But, son, don't mold yourself on Brother Emory. He's always lived the way he wanted to, alone out there, and some of it has got the devil in it. Like the time—why, when he killed that lawyer back in Hopkinsville. Course it was self-defense, but Brother Emory might have argued out of it. Trouble is, he's quick with guns and everybody knows it and that's why some men try – well, men can't seem to help it when they think they're good with guns. But there's no good in guns. No good at all."

It all came back to me as we approached the house. Grandmother had already gone inside. Old Walter stood there with the horse, holding it warily, his eyes bugged out.

"Sho mean," he said, and Brother Emory nodded silently, but there was something in the look that passed between them, something frightening, the way two men look cautiously on danger. "Miss Hattie say she wait in where it cool."

"Yes, Walter. Thanks. Step lively, boy."

I said, "The gun?"

"The gun?" he asked, as if astonished. Then: "You'll carry that, of course. Come on."

Grandmother stood beside the reading table in the living room. One corner of her white shawl was clenched in her hand. Her small black hat sat primly on her silver hair. She waited until we were well within the room.

"I've come," she said, "to take my grandson home with me."

"Why, mornin', Hattie. Mornin'," Brother Emory said. Gravely he took her in his arms, then stooped and kissed her forehead. "Hattie, you're lookin' mighty sweet."

"You're kind," she said stiffly.

"Oh, Hattie! No sense in actin' up because you got a scare."

She shook her head. "No horse can scare me, Brother Emory. But what I've heard about you and my grandson, walking with a gun –"

"Just huntin' cottontails," Brother Emory explained.

"I'm sure of that. But we must go. It's a long drive to Clarkesville."

"With that particular horse, it's liable to be longer than you think. You've got no business drivin' any horse like that. He's a killer, Hattie – a born killer. Why, when I saw him rear on you, flailin' his forefeet at my hounds –"

"Nonense! I'll gentle him. I always do."

Brother Emory laughed, shaking his head. "You always try," he said. "But this time you've got more than you can gentle. No, I'll drive you back. Walter can follow in the rig." He smiled disarmingly. "Course not right now. Walter's got work to do. Take off yo' hat – take off yo' hat – breakfast is almost ready. It's a gracious plenty for us all." He strode toward the porch. "Walter! Put up Miss Hattie's horse."

"Just a minute, Brother Emory." Her voice, as always, had that small clarity of silver bells, seeming so feminine, but with a steadiness that meant unswerving strength. "We shan't have time to stay." She turned to me. "Go pack your bag, son. Summer's over. Soon you'll be going back to school. I want you with me for the next few weeks."

I moved uncertainly, but Brother Emory's hand hooked in the muscles of my arm. "Hattie," he said, sharply, "what you forget, my blood runs in his veins the same as yours. Joe's blood, my brother's blood –"

"My husband's blood," Grandmother said. "I am aware of it, Brother Emory. But I won't have you teaching him your wildness."

"Wildness?" he asked, and laughed. It was a harsh laugh, bitter, short. "I can remember when you didn't call it that."

"Those days are long since past," Grandmother reminded him.

He bowed, icily courteous. "No, Hattie, no. Nothing like that is ever past. Joe could have told you that, if Joe had lived. Joe understood us both. My brother and your husband, Hattie. But, for each of us, a little more than that. This was his gun –"

We heard the creaking of Grandmother's buggy going toward the barn. And in that old, ramshackle house, the summer morning's heat come now at last, the air seemed heavy suddenly, thick with the mustiness of long dry-rotted wood, of mattings moldering upon the floor, of empty rooms, mildewed. When Brother Emory spoke again, his voice was hushed.

"You go help Walter, boy. Your

(*Continued on next page*)

About the Author . . .

Nick Boddie Williams is no stranger to the South about which he writes. He attended public schools at Birmingham, Ala., Dallas and Fort Worth, Texas — and New York City. He studied at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., and the University of Texas. He was graduated in 1929. Since then he has been in the newspaper business in Fort Worth, Nashville and Los Angeles. He lives with his wife and four children at Pasadena, Calif. "I vote the Democratic ticket occasionally," he says. "The four children are all Native Sons and Daughters, and those who express opinions are Republicans. I can hardly understand or stand their Yankee accent and they can't understand Uncle Remus."

grandma's going to talk to me a while."

I didn't know, I couldn't know. I said, "Grandmuh?"

"Put down that gun," she said. "And go."

Quickly, I put the rifle down and went out toward the barn. Some things are too much for a boy to understand, but I knew this, that this had been Grandfather's rifle that I'd used and that was promised to me. Grandfather's rifle, yet in Brother Emory's care, as if entrusted to him until the time when he should pass it on to me. It was more than a rifle now. It was a heritage out of the past. And something even more than that—the symbol of a fundamental difference.

Old Walter had unhitched Grandmother's horse. He held its bridle slackly, standing back, letting it gulp water from the trough beside the iron pump. But even then, drinking, its ears were back and its veined, red-rimmed eyes were watching us. Old Walter ran a soothing hand along its neck.

"Trouble?" he asked, as if he were not speaking to me. "Trouble in de house?"

"Grandmother wants me to go home," I said.

The horse blew through its nostrils suddenly, sending a spray of water from the trough, then all at once it reared up on its hind legs, pawing frantically. Old Walter tagged down hard upon the reins. "Whoa, boy! Now steady! Steady! Hold on, dere!" His brown hand touched the ugly, jerking head, palm open, soft. "Now, boy! Now come on, boy, le's walk." He shook his head, working the horse slowly toward the barn and making those deep-voiced and coaxing sounds that seem like grownups' baby talk. "Now, boy! Now, come on, boy! Now, walk wi' me." And then: "Seem like Miss Hattie always pick a mighty fractious horse. She sech a peaceful lady, think she pick somethin' dat's mo' equable, but she don't. You goin' home?"

"I'm not sure yet," I said.

"Dat's 'cause dey ain't sure yet," he grinned. "Kind of puzzle what to do about a boy. Now you take Mister Emory and Mister Joe—"

"My grandfather?"

He nodded thoughtfully. "Dey raised de same. But sho did turn out different. Mister Joe, he sottle down, has all dem chillun what's yo' uncles and aunts, you never hear no ruckuses concerned wid him. Mister Emory—"

The horse twisted maliciously and bared its teeth. I turned and ran. When I looked back, Walter had gotten it into a stall. He latched the gate.

"Debbil," he whispered to himself. "Debbil, dat's what." Then all at once his dark eyes seemed opaque, as if he'd shut his mind on something bothering



him. "You helpin' or you gawpin', boy? Fotch me some hay."

We went back to the house soon after that, for it was well past breakfast time. It was a strange breakfast. Brother Emory was not much for talking while he ate, but this morning, while my grandmother listened silently, he was almost gay, the way that older men are sometimes gay, with an underlying gravity. I'd catch him watching me, as if all this were calculated to amuse me. And it did.

"Eat it," he said, pushing some bacon on my plate. "Eat all of it. I'll make a John L. Sullivan out of you yet."

"But I'm full, Brother Emory."

"You're full?" he roared, and poked his fingers in my stomach. "The way a gourd is full! You eat that up. You need a little somethin' stickin' to your ribs. Your grandma's going to take you for another walk."

Grandmother's fork clicked sharply on her plate. "I was to tell him that."

"Hattie, it just slipped out."

"And not by accident. You're prejudicing him, trying to make it humorous. You're not fair, Brother Emory."

He scowled at her. His deep-set eyes were suddenly morose. The dark look of the Welsh, the latent fury of a forest people came in them. "It's not a thing I care to be too fair about. Walter—" And violently he thumped his heavy cup upon the table. "Walter, more coffee!"

"I think we'll go now, Brother Emory."

"All right!" he cried. "Go for your walk—and if you win, take him away with you. But you won't win."

"You'll have my buggy hitched?"

"I promised that."

She got up quietly. "We'll go now."

Outside, the sun had gotten scorching hot, and as we went down Brother Emory's steps the hounds got up and shook themselves, licking their jaws with indolent delight at seeing us. Grandmother did not seem to notice them. They slumped back disappointedly into the dust. And we walked on.

"They take the easy way," Grandmother said to me at last. "I mean those hounds. If there's excitement, they'll get up for that. They thought that you might take them hunting—"

"But they're foxhounds, Grandmuh. They hunt at night."

"Don't quibble, son. The sight of you means hunting to them. They don't think about the time of day or night at first. So they get up for that—and nothing else. That's easy living, son—excitement is. It's doing the dull, necessary things that's hard for dogs. And hard for men."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, not really undestanding what she meant. "Where are we going, Grandmuh?"

"Beyond the creek. Up on that rise of ground."

"Just for a walk?" (*Turn page*)

The Career Clubbers Organize an Employment Service

Baby Sitters Apply Here!

"ROLL UP your sleeves, everybody," Dick Varnum grinned. "The Career Club's having a 'work session.' Dave Roth is going to report on what his committee's doing to organize a Jefferson High employment service and tell us how we can help with the project."

Dave came forward. "Our idea is to set up an employment-service bureau in the principal's office to help find good part-time jobs for *qualified* students. Mr. O'Ferrell is willing to act as our faculty advisor."

"We want to keep the organization simple," Dick explained. "We've decided to specialize in placing students in four types of work: (1) clerical work—typing, filing, etc.; (2) saleswork in neighborhood stores; (3) housework and odd jobs—washing dishes, running errands, cleaning windows, etc.; (4) baby sitting.

"People who want workers for these positions will call the principal's office, and his secretary will take down the information about the jobs. At certain times of day—before and after school, during the noon hour, and during activity period, a trained Career Clubber will be on duty to help choose the best-qualified students for the jobs available and to do general secretarial work. The Career Clubber on duty will also help students who want jobs to fill out a *career form* about themselves for our employment-service files.

"Vera Noftz will explain our idea for career forms."

A Picture, Please!

"We'll need a file containing facts about all students who want jobs," Vera began. "We need to know *personal facts* (full name of applicant, address, telephone number, age, sex, height, weight, etc.). We also want to know what part-time jobs the applicant is qualified for and interested in, what previous training and experience he's had, and what courses he's taking in school.



Isabelle Grocer in The Ladies' Home Journal

"Maybe you want to get married—but, frankly, I'd rather get 25c every time I do the dishes!"

"We will also request two snapshots of each applicant to paste on the two copies of each student's form. We'll file one form, and send the other out to interested employers when they want a worker.

"Two or three recommendations from people who know the applicant—from a teacher, his minister, or a former employer should also be attached to our forms.

"If the applicant wants a clerical job, he should be okayed by Miss Lawson, the commercial teacher. That's what we mean by a 'qualified applicant.' Also, we should check a student's grades and school-conduct record before we okay him for a job interview. By recommending only the best-qualified applicants for each job, we'll build up a good reputation. More and more employers will turn to us when they have jobs to fill," Vera concluded.

"Thank you, Vera," Dave said. "Oh, I might add that the students in the commercial department are going to help mimeograph the career forms for our file. Each form will be stapled to a small piece of blue cardboard to preserve it. We'll ask employers to return forms of applicants when their firm has finished using the information.

"Miss Bunsen, at the local branch of the State Employment Service, is going to help advise us until we get underway. Now, Sandy Harris will tell you about our plans for a community-job survey. Sandy."

Sleuthing for Jobs

"Eventually," Sandy began, "we hope that our employment service will handle permanent jobs for high school graduates – in the local offices and stores. Therefore, we plan to make a community survey to see what jobs are available every year to students finishing school. For example, we'll visit Mr. Ronald Irons, of the Fleecy Sauerkraut Company, to find out how many new typists and stenographers he hires annually. We'll ask if he'll take top-notch, high school graduates, or whether he must have business-college graduates.

"During this interview," Sandy pointed out, "we can acquire valuable information to pass on to commercial students. What qualifications should a commercial graduate have to be a success as a beginner at the Kraut Company? Should she be able to type 50 words a minute? How fast should she be able to take dictation? What's the beginning salary? What opportunities are there for promotion?"

"Whew!" interrupted Hap Romano. "This survey sounds like a lot of work."

"It is a big job," Sandy emphasized. "We won't do it all in one year. We'll take our time and do a thorough job. This year we can survey the community for clerical jobs."

"Wouldn't it be a good idea to have commercial students make the clerical-job survey?" Vera asked.

"Yes," Sandy agreed. "They'd have the keenest interest in the work, and also they'd know what the employers were talking about. Maybe we could have the top students in each department make the survey in their field. Retail-selling majors could talk to employment managers at stores. Home-ec majors could talk to women who employ household workers and to restaurant owners."

"I have a suggestion," Dick exclaimed. "Dave, why not collect application blanks from all the employment offices as you interview employers? We'll make a file of them, and they'll help us determine whether students are qualified for the jobs. We can also get some practice in filling out application forms."

"Great!" Dave said. "And we could secure civil-service application blanks from the Post Office. I understand they're really complicated to fill out."

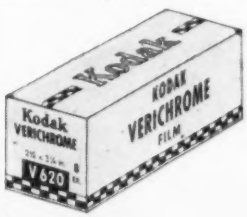
"One more thing," Sandy volunteered. "We're going to ask for space on the bulletin board in the main corridor to advertise the employment service—to urge students to sign up for it, and to announce job openings."

"Sign me up right now," Dick Varnum grinned. "After seeing Clifton Webb in *Sitting Pretty* last spring, I've had an uncontrollable urge to baby sit."

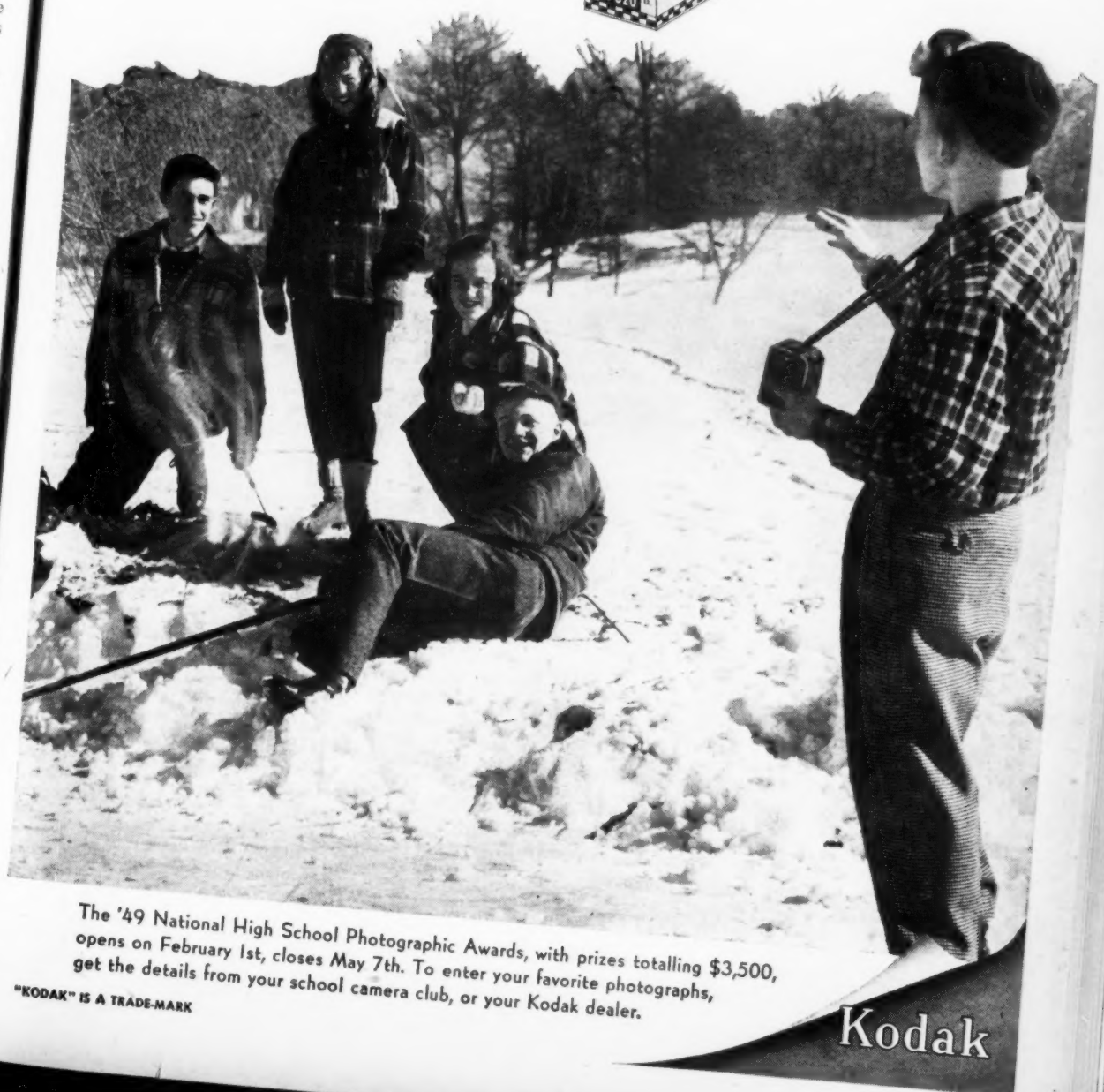
—WILLIAM FAVEL, *Vocational Editor*

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Joyce, Thora, and Dorothy watch singer Brenda Lewis make up for *Salome*.

Week End with Music

THREE bright-eyed young ladies greeted us breathlessly in the broadcasting studio of New York's famous Carnegie Hall.

"We'll have to find other words for 'wonderful,'" Dorothy Ruddell exclaimed. "We've overworked that adjective this week end."

"And each thing we've done has seemed to be the most—well, wonderful," put in Joyce Ristine,—"until we did something else that turned out to be even more exciting!"

"Broadcasts, concert rehearsals, the opera, meeting famous people," sighed Thora Vervoren. "How will we settle down when we get back home?"

"Back home" for 16-year-old Thora is West Green Bay, Wis., where she attends West Green Bay H. S. Joyce, also 16, hails from Maple Falls, Wash., and goes to Mount Baker High; and Dorothy, 17, lives in Parkersburg, W. Va., and is a student at Parkersburg High. The three girls recently traveled to New York City for a "week end with music." They spoke to us on Sunday afternoon, shortly before they were to appear on the air during the intermission of the CBS broadcast of the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony concert.

Thora, Joyce, and Dorothy were the guests of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), the sponsor of the Philharmonic broadcasts. They received their invitations from the *Week End With Music* National Advisory Board, which chose them with the help of *Scholastic's* Awards Department. Their applications were sent in by their high school principals, who had nominated them as the best local "spokesmen for youth and music."

"Music appreciation is really my only claim to fame," Dorothy told us modestly. "Oh, I do play the piano—but I know I'm not talented enough to be a successful musician."

It sounded sensible, we admitted, but what field did she want to enter?

"Recently I became fascinated with radio work," Dorothy answered. "We're concentrating on radio productions in my speech class, and I spend half my life rehearsing at our local radio station. I'm going to continue studying music because I've found that it's so closely connected with speech work."

"That works both ways," Joyce chimed in. "I'm studying voice—I'm a mezzo-soprano—and I spend a lot of time on speech exercises."

How had she first become interested in a singing career, we asked Joyce.

"I live in a very musical community," she laughed. "You can even major in music at my high school. I'd like to learn to play an instrument, too."

"Why don't you choose the clarinet?" Thora suggested eagerly. "That's what I plan to study next."

"*Next?*" we asked. "What are you working on now?"

"The piano and the flute—the flute's my favorite," she answered. "I play it in our school band; and I played it in one of the orchestras we formed last summer when I went to Interlochen Music Camp."

It wasn't easy to pry this information from our subjects. They answered our questions about themselves politely and pleasantly enough; but they were more eager to talk about their week-end experiences. On this score there was no need for questions.

"You know, Mr. Taylor, we saw Ethel Merman in *Annie Get Your Gun* Friday night," Dorothy remarked to Deems Taylor, noted composer and music critic.

Mr. Taylor was to interview the trio during the intermission broadcast, and they had been discussing their week-end impressions with him before the concert. "I was amazed to hear Miss Merman's voice," Dorothy continued.

"Actually, she has no voice at all," Joyce said, "but it's delightful to listen to her, because she certainly knows how to put a song over."

"That's just the point, Joyce," explained Mr. Taylor. "Ethel has *no* voice—which is much, much better than having a bad voice. For if you have no voice, and know what to do with it, you're headed for success."

"Then the ability to 'sell' yourself is just as important as actually having talent," Joyce observed.

"Well, for a perfect combination of talent and personality, I'd nominate Lauritz Melchior," Thora said, smiling as she added, "of course, I might be prejudiced—since I'm of Danish ancestry, and Mr. Melchior is Danish. But I was thrilled to meet him yesterday afternoon. He was so friendly to us."

"All these famous people are so warm-hearted," Joyce exclaimed. "They don't try to be the least bit 'glamorous' when you meet them off-stage, as we met Brenda Lewis last night before we heard her sing the star role in *Salome*."

"You might think that men who play with the New York Philharmonic would 'look down' on teen-aged music students," said Thora, turning to Mr. Taylor. "But yesterday when we sat in on the rehearsal for today's concert, all the musicians asked about our work."

"And speaking of the concert, Thora," Mr. Taylor replied, "it's almost 3:00, so perhaps you three should go out front and find your seats."

"Oh, let's hurry—the first number will be Mr. Poulenc's concerto—the one he told us about on Friday when we had tea with him," said Dorothy, referring to Francis Poulenc, French composer and pianist.

"One thing I want to be sure to mention during our broadcast," Joyce remarked to Thora and Dorothy, "is Mr. Poulenc's misunderstanding us when we mentioned Artie Shaw, and thinking that we were discussing artichokes! Imagine talking to a famous composer about artichokes!"

—LEE LEARNER, *Radio Editor*

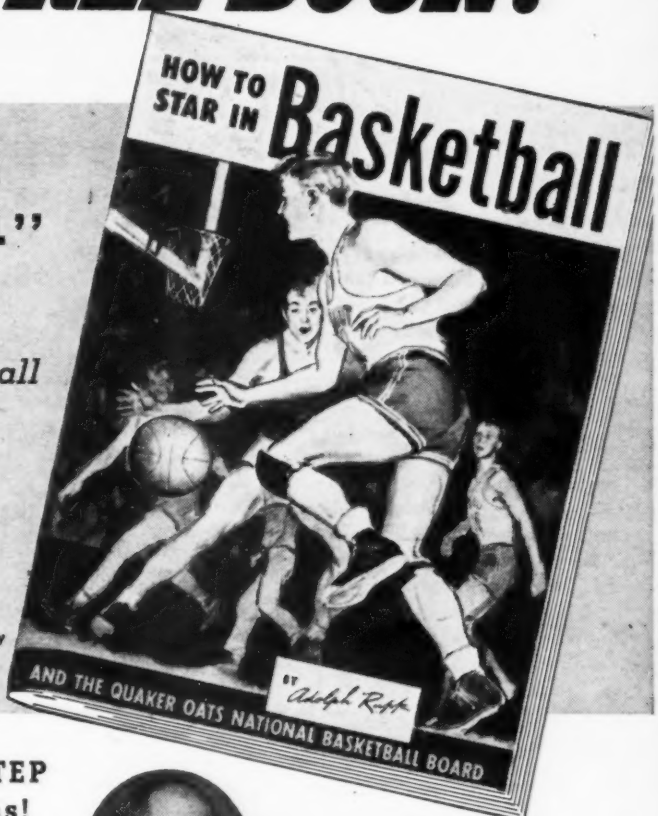
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THE TEEN AGE BOOK CLUB NEWS

Paul Bunyan vs. Elsie Dinsmore

THERE'S nothing like a good rousing ski session to put you in the mood for telling tall stories.

A bunch of us T-A-B CLUBBERS were thawing out our ski boots in front of Sal Forsyth's fireplace last night when Bill Stevens slipped into a rambling account of the days when *he* was logging with Paul Bunyan up in the Big North Woods.

One yarn I'd never heard Bill or any other Bunyan fan tell before was about the year it rained from St. Patrick's Day to the Fourth of July.

"Paul finally got disgusted when his Fourth of July celebration was ruined," Bill drawled. "So he dove into Lake Superior and swam to a spot where a solid pillar of water was coming down. He dove under the pillar, swam up into it, and climbed upward with powerful giant crawl strokes. Paul was gone 'bout an hour and came splashing down just as the rain stopped.

"'I turned the dern thing off!' he said."

And so the evening went – from Paul Bunyan to Pecos Bill to Uncle Remus.

• • •

ACTUALLY, some of the funniest stories told came from Mary Jane Simmons. (Mary Jane is not exactly an inspiring sight on skis, but at an after-ski session, she really shines.)

Mary Jane claimed that the "funniest and most fantastic" character in literature was Elsie Dinsmore. Elsie, the heroine in a series of 28 books by Martha Finley, was an inspiration to our grandmothers. She was probably the "goodest" girl that ever graced the printed page. I gather she made Pollyanna look like a siren.

According to Mary Jane, Elsie *never* disobeyed. She wept at an unkind word from her "dear papa" – who was a tyrant, and she spent most of her waking hours praying or reading the Scriptures. To top it off, she was insufferably smug about her own goodness. M. J. had us rolling on the hearth as she recounted some of Elsie's pious bouts with temptation.

The Elsie Dinsmore books seem to have passed into oblivion. We never would have heard of Elsie if M. J. hadn't dug her out of an old trunk in her great-aunt Lucy's attic.

• • •

THE Decline of Dinsmore set us to thinking about other books that our parents and grandparents enjoyed – but that teen-agers *still* enjoy today – books such as *Kidnapped* or *Little Women*. Those two, for instance, are such favorites that new movie versions have just been made of both.

I guess the difference is that the March girls and David Balfour somehow seem like flesh-and-blood characters, even though they lived in a different period of history. Characters like Elsie are "*too* good to be true." We can't believe that girls were as good as Elsie – even in an age more disciplined than ours. So Elsie's only good for a laugh today.

Joe Dana suggested that a good test of whether teen-age characters in modern novels are well-drawn would be to ask ourselves: "Will they seem silly to another generation?"

We began wondering about some of our super-successful, career-girl heroines, and a lot of our 20th-century Rover Boys who discover a chest of gold in every chapter. How long will these characters last?

• • •

HEARD a good quip the other day. Plan to use it next time I have to give a report on a biography I *don't* like.

A famous British editor once claimed that when men wrote about themselves, their work fell into two categories. "First of all," he said, "there is the autobiography.

"And second – the *ought-not-to-be-ography!*"

Go ahead. Swipe it.

Nick Martin

A Message from Pearl Buck to T-A-B CLUB Members

To some readers, Pearl Buck is an author whose books are always entertaining and worth remembering. To others, she is the most distinguished woman writer in America.

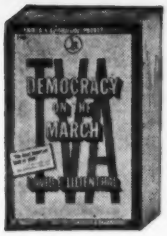
Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for her novel, *The Good Earth*, and the only American woman to receive the Nobel Prize (for literature), Mrs. Buck lived the first 17 years of her life in China. She speaks with a deep understanding of the Chinese people when she tells us:



"The Chinese have always had a profound reverence for books. In country regions, you will often see a peasant, who cannot read himself, pick up a stray scrap of printed paper and take it to a wayside temple where he will burn it as incense before the gods. This reverence springs from his conviction that great minds of the past put their wisdom into books and that, therefore, in books we will discover the finest treasures of mankind."

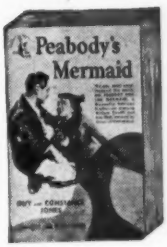








BOOKS FOR JANUARY



1. SILAS MARNER — George Eliot

Have you ever been accused of something you didn't do? For 16 years Silas Marner, an honest, hard-working weaver, was believed to be a thief. If it hadn't been for a baby girl, who brought with her faith and love, and a good townswoman, who looked in every day to comfort Silas, he might have gone mad living in the shadow of this accusation.

2. THE GOOD EARTH — Pearl Buck

A lot happens in this beautifully-told story of a Chinese man and his family. Because Wang Lung loved the soil, he rose from a poor Chinese farmer to a wealthy landowner. But, like any winner, he had to conquer many obstacles—flood, draught, sickness, fear, even revolution. Will Rogers called this the "best work of our generation." Perhaps you saw the fine movie version of the story which starred Luise Rainer and Paul Muni.

3. TVA: Democracy on the March — David E. Lilienthal

This is the story of a new kind of pioneering. The Tennessee Valley was one of the poorest sections of the U. S. The soil was scarred with erosion. Every year more and more fertility was carried away by the river. Then the people, with a clear vision of what their valley should be, and a firm belief in a working democracy, took hold. The result is fertile farms, modern industry based on the electric energy of the river, fisheries, playgrounds, modern kitchens—rich and good living in every way.

4. TRENT'S LAST CASE — E. C. Bentley

This book has been called a masterpiece of detective fiction by many expert detective fans. Sigbee Manderson, international financial genius, is found shot through the head on the grounds of his English estate. Philip Trent, famous detective, works out the solution, bringing to light the amazing facts that cause this to be—Trent's last case.

5. PEABODY'S MERMAID — Guy and Constance Jones

How would you like to fall in love with a mermaid? You don't believe in them? You will, after you read this amusing and witty little story. If all people in love could work together as smoothly as Mr. Peabody and his mermaid, life would be as gay as a bowl of goldfish. There's a small allegory hidden in the story and a large dose of humor. Did you see William Powell and Anne Blythe in the movie?

★ ★ ★

Happy Hunting

It's "open season" for T-A-B CLUB once again! Beginning *now*, all you readers who were disappointed in the fall when you requested materials to join T-A-B CLUB too late in the term can start your clubs this month. You'll be just in time to take advantage of the latest and most splendid list of titles ever offered by T-A-B CLUB! To mention a few—*The Babe Ruth Story, Seventeen, Captains Courageous, Wagons Westward, So Big, Meet Me in St. Louis, Bill Stern's Favorite Football Stories,* and *Scaramouche.*

Each book costs only 25 cents. (*Correction*—since you may choose a give-away book dividend for every four books you buy, the cost per book is really only *twenty* cents—two thin dimes.)

For you readers who are old T-A-B CLUB hands—*this is the fifth month of the fall term, your dividend month*—so step right up and choose your give-away books. Your selection is not limited to the five January titles. You may choose your dividends from any of this term's books. If you're entitled to only one or two dividends, and there's a third and irresistible title you want for your library, you may purchase it. If you've bought all five books each month, of course, you have no problem. Just check all five of the January selections and hand in the coupon (below) to your T-A-B CLUB secretary.

Those of you who are making a mental New Year's resolution to start your T-A-B CLUB right now, need only ask your teacher to send in the coupon in her copy of *Scholastic Teacher* for the necessary materials with which to organize a club. Your New Year's resolution to be a T-A-B CLUB member is one you needn't be afraid of breaking—you'll enjoy every moment you spend reading every T-A-B CLUB book you get.

Teen Age Book Club January Titles

	1	SILAS MARNER
	2	THE GOOD EARTH
	3	TVA: DEMOCRACY ON THE MARCH
	4	TRENT'S LAST CASE
	5	PEABODY'S MERMAID

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Important to a Man

(*Continued from page* 25)

"Yes, son," she said. "Just for a walk. You've been there lots of times before, I'm sure. Your Brother Emory must have taken you or you've gone by yourself, exploring. Boys do that. Boys can't resist the sight of gravestones, though they never comprehend them. Did you comprehend them, son?"

"They're General Forrest's men," I said, remembering. "Some of them kin to me."

We passed the creek. We climbed the slope and stood at last before the little cemetery. Then Grandmother spoke.

"Yes, they were Forrest's men. Here's where they died—and when they died they weren't much older than you are this morning, son. They'd marched from Mississippi, marched and ridden when they had the horses. Night and day, trying to feint Sherman out of Georgia. It doesn't matter now that they did not succeed, but it did then. This was only a tiny part of it—a raid, a screen for Forrest's general movement north. They skirmished here, a battle too small even for a name. Still, it seemed important to these men. Enough to die for, if they had to die." She moved ahead upon the softer grass, keeping my hand in hers. "Some of them didn't die," she said. "Your Brother Emory—my Joe—that's your grandfather, son. But Philip died."

She touched a stone. The lettering upon it, scaled by time and rain, was hard to read. *Philip Frederick Haskins.*

"My brother," said Grandmother presently. "Nineteen that day. In a few years you'll be as old as Philip ever got to be. In a few years you'll look like Philip did—oh, not a large man like your Brother Emory. A small man with a straight smile and the kind of eyes you've got. Brown eyes. Good, honest eyes—kind eyes. And sweeter to his sister than most men would be. Or than most men could be." She ran her finger down the letters of the stone. "You'd think that in the fifty years since then I'd have forgotten Philip, but you don't forget. For time and rain don't scale a face out of your heart."

She turned away. And in a moment we went down the slope. As we walked on, she kept on talking in that voice that was like silver bells.

"The point is, son, that Philip died for his convictions. And if a man must die, that's how it should be. I have no wish to argue that. But always, there's a time to put the guns away. My Joe did that. After the war was over, Joe was through with guns. But not Emory. He's kept on fighting ever since. Sometimes with men, sometimes against the trend of time itself, and always ready with his gun, ready if pressed to use his gun. Now, look at me."

The sun blazed in my eyes. And yet I saw her clearly, standing there.

"Brother Emory's way is easiest, for that's the way excitement lies. Fury and passion, burning love and bitter hate, but those aren't God's way, son. God's way is hard. His way is peace. That is the way my Joe went when the war was done, and I went with him. You remember that. Now we'll go back."

Brother Emory was waiting in the living room. My bag was at his feet. He had a rifle in that hand of his that had no thumb on it. He didn't hold it out to me.

"The Summer's gone," he said. "It'll rain tonight. Yo' buggy's almost ready, Hattie, Walter's getting it. Sit down—"

"We're leaving, Brother Emory."

"But not like this." He shook his great, gray head at us. "No, Hattie, not like this. I'm not the devil, after all—surely I haven't trained the boy in devilment. I've only taught the boy the way to use a gun. I haven't given it to him."

"But that," Grandmother said, "you would have done."

"In time, in time! Hattie, he's going to be a man."

She clenched her shawl. "If that means killing—"

"There is a time for that. There was for Joe. Oh, I know that we went a different way after the war. That was because—well, you were lovely when he married you. Sixteen that year, redheaded, slim, the finest hand in Christian County with a horse. I would have done as much for you, if I'd been Joe."

"No, Brother Emory. You were born different."

His eyes were glistening when he answered her. "Joe was my twin in everything until you came along, my twin in everything except the fact of time. You gentled him. You gentled him the way you gentle horses—patience, firmness and love. But I know this, you couldn't love a man that wasn't first a man, that couldn't always be a man. Temper a man to live the way a woman must, but first—"

"That's pompous talk."

Harshly, he said, "Of course. All men seem pompous in the women's world it has become. Security and safety, those are all that matter any more. You'll preach that to the boy, you'll make a woman out of him—"

Grandmother took my arm. And in

(*Concluded on page* 34)

TO YOUR GOOD HEALTH

Twelfth of a series of tips on health and nutrition. Look for this feature every week.



Smart Swiss don't miss when it comes to fruit. Nature's done a neat job of packaging pep in every piece. Fruit and fruit juices taste good, make you look and feel good. Eat it daily.


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Enjoy the fun of working on your entry. Talk it over with your shop teacher and start now!
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NOTE: Please do not write to Delta. We do not have copies available.



SAVED BY A "HAM"

Time and again, newspaper headlines have told the dramatic story of how amateur radio enthusiasts—"hams"—have carried life-saving and other vital messages to all corners of the globe.

If you're interested in building radios—as a hobby or as a future career—make sure that you enter the Radio-Electronics division of the

1949 SCHOLASTIC INDUSTRIAL ARTS AWARDS

If you're interested in working with wood or metal or plastic, there are many other classifications with scores of cash and merchandise prizes. Look over the list below and plan NOW to enter this year's program. You may enter any or all of the following classifications:

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Machine Shop
Wood Turning
Wood Carving
Furniture Making
Radio-Electronics
Mechanical Drawing
Wood Patternmaking
Wrought Copper and Brass
Wrought Aluminum and Cast Aluminum

The following organizations want to help you get along in the field of your choice and are offering valuable awards:

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DELTA MANUFACTURING DIVISION OF ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING CO.
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Ask your Industrial Arts or your vocational trade and industrial education teacher to write for a rules booklet to:

SCHOLASTIC INDUSTRIAL ARTS AWARDS
7 EAST 12th STREET, NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

Important to a Man

(*Concluded from page* 32)

that moment Brother Emory handed me the rifle.

"Look at it boy," he said. "It was Joe's gun. And some day you come back for it. I'm sorry, Hattie—no, let's go outside. The time for talkin's past. Yo' buggy's here."

I walked behind them out upon the porch. The rifle seemed forever lost to me, for in a moment now, I knew, I'd give it back to Brother Emory.

"Hattie, goodby. Come back sometime."

"I will," Grandmother said, and touched my arm. "Let's go now, son. Give Brother Emory the gun."

A shout came from the drive beyond the porch. Grandmother's horse, rearing, jerked free from Walter's hand. There was a splintering of wooden shafts. The horse was loose, and Walter, grabbing at it, fell into the dust. Then those sharp hoofs rose terribly into the air.

Grandmother screamed. And in an instant Brother Emory was plunging down the steps. The hoofs came up again. Old Walter rolled and groaned and rolled again. I heard a raging cry from Brother Emory. Walter tried hard to roll again.

Then all at once he could not roll and hoofs were slashing murderously at him. I raised the rifle and took aim and fired.

It was Grandmother who helped me to get back on my feet. I was confused. I hadn't known that I'd dropped to my knees when Brother Emory, with Walter in his arms, went in the house. I saw the horse, seeming so awkward lying in the dust. And then at last Brother Emory was coming out.

"He'll be all right," he said. "Cut bad and hurt inside, but Walter's lived through worse. Hattie, I'm givin' you another horse, more fittin' to your age. And you"—he turned to me—"you, boy. Your Grandma'll let you take the rifle with you now. Because you've learned the thing you had to know—not how to use a gun, for any fool can learn that much. But when! That's what's important to a man."

Grandmother nodded somberly. "Yes, son—"

And I knew then that both of them, according to their lights, were right.

The Oldest Story

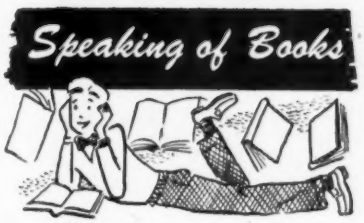
Love hasn't changed in 2,000 years. Greek girls used to sit all evening and listen to a LYRE.

Achievement

Aspiration

The average co-ed hopes to graduate from college Magna Cum Lad.

Magazine Digest



GOLDEN TREK, by David Lavender. Westminster. 1948. $2.50.

A good fictional account of two boys who set out for California during the gold rush. The trek over the deserts is "rough"; they discover that fortunes aren't as easily made as they had dreamed; but both learn a great deal.

THREE TO MAKE READY, by Catherine Turlington. Illustrated. Vanguard. 1948. $3.

These hilarious adventures of three teen-age girls in a typical American family are gay reading for everyone—parents (both male and female), girls, and boys, too. Boys report that they wouldn't miss this behind-the-scenes glimpse of the modern girl for anything.

The three gals—the Oldest One, the Middle One, and the Youngest One—keep life lively. There's also the F.P. (Family Provider)—you know who. The half-amused, half-bewildered mother tells the story. It's guaranteed to strike a familiar note on such topics as clothes, the phone, getting a driver's license, homework, the dog, and dates!

WINDOW ON THE SEA, by Ellsworth Newcomb. Dutton. 1948. $2.50.

A light, girls' story about 17-year-old Joan Andrews, heroine of *Anchor for Her Heart*. Joan moves West, reluctantly leaving a certain midshipman behind. But in California she gets a start on her career as an artist, grows up a bit, and makes new friends.

THE STORY OF THE SHIP, by Charles E. Gibson. Illustrated. Schuman. 1948. $4.

The story of the ship begins with a log raft and builds up to our modern ocean liners like the Queen Mary. Full of interesting facts, this book is written in a straight-forward, readable manner.

MARIONETTES, A Hobby for Everyone, by Mabel and Les Beaton. Illustrated. Crowell. 1948. $3.75.

Do marionettes catch your fancy? For any fellow or girl who wants to know almost everything there is to know about making and operating marionettes, about stage designing, lighting, and scenery—this is your book! Watch next week's *Practical English* (editorial page) for the story of a girl whose marionette hobby turned into a fascinating full-time job with television.

GREEN MOUNTAIN FARM, by Elliott Merrick. Macmillan. 1948. $3.50.

An account of a young couple's life on a farm in Vermont. We think some of our older readers will enjoy the author's appreciation of the quiet of the Vermont hills, of the "characters" who were his neighbors, and of the pleasures of a rugged farm life.

—Mary Alice Cullen, *Book Editor*



Illustration from "Three To Make Ready"

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Don't copy these examples. Think up your own design and go to it! You're sure to have fun—you may win a prize.



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What fun, too! Working with aluminum may not only pay off in cash . . . it's lots of fun. You'll be proud to show your project to friends and the family, so start now. Ask your teacher about the Aluminum Awards offered in this annual contest.

Aluminum Company of America, 1774 Gulf Building, Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

27 prizes offered for wrought aluminum projects, too.

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IN EVERY COMMERCIAL FORM

BOY dates GIRL



George Clark in N. Y. Daily News

"My new boy friend's just perfect—except for little things like his table manners, clothes, and I can't stand his friends."

by Gay Head

MAYBE there's not such a thing as "love at first sight." But even the most cold-blooded skeptic will have to admit that there *is* such a thing as "interest at first sight."

And as long as Mr. Interest sticks around, nobody needs to tell you that first impressions are important.

When you know Myra's brother is coming home from Iowa State for the week-end, you spend an extra hour dressing before you appear at Myra's party. When you hear that the "new girl" has been assigned to the same dance committee you're working on, you go to every committee meeting armed with bright suggestions. You're not putting on the dog exactly; you merely want to be at your best when someone special is about to collect a first impression of *you*.

The trouble is—you don't always *know* when Someone Special is going to pop around the corner. So the only way to guarantee yourself a high rate of interest is to be at your best all the time.

We don't mean you should wear your cashmere sweater and most devastating hair-do while simonizing the family car. We do mean that you should cultivate certain qualities of personality until they are permanent fixtures in your system.

Don't save the friendly smile and enthusiastic interest in what another person is doing for red-letter occasions. Don't keep good manners and courtesy in the closet with your party dresses. Practice every day the public relations policies you'd like to have working to perfection at a crucial moment.

Q. *Often at parties I find myself talking to someone to whom I was introduced—but whose name I have forgotten. What should I do in a case like that?*

A. Of course, you can bluff gaily along for a few minutes, carefully avoiding calling Neal by any name at all. But sooner or later, another friend of yours is sure to join you, and you'll be expected to introduce Neal.

In such a case, the only thing to do is to say frankly, "I'm very sorry, but I've forgotten your name." (Actually, the ideal moment for straightening out this matter was when you first encountered Neal the second time—before you needed his name for an introduction.) Neal will be glad to repeat his name. He knows remembering names is a common difficulty, and he'll appreciate your interest in getting his name straight.

But even if Neal isn't offended by your lapse of memory, you probably will not have made an exactly brilliant impression on him. The very fact that remembering names is tough for many people makes the fellow who *does* remember names stand out in a crowd.

We know a very plain girl (by "plain," we mean she's neither strikingly beautiful, nor unusually witty) who is the most popular girl in her class. She has one trick—she never forgets a name. It's a small thing, but it makes everyone who meets her feel that she considers him important.

This girl doesn't have a natural ear for unfamiliar names. But she has cultivated the knack of listening *during* introductions. That's the crucial moment when too many of us are worrying about the impression *we're* making—instead of concentrating on the person we're meeting. But anyone can learn to concentrate.

Molly says, "Jody, this is Bob Director." Suppose you repeat his name to yourself once—*Bob Director*. Suppose you think—*Yes, he has a nice "direct" look*. Chances are you'll remember Bob's name until you encounter him again later in the evening. And if you call him by name then, his name will become fixed in your memory. As your English teacher will tell you, use a new word three times—and it's *yours!* Ditto with new names.

Along with remembering names, using them frequently in conversation puts a subtle polish on your conversation. For instance:

"I thought our assembly speaker's proposals for world government sounded practical. What did you think, *Mary?*" The small addition of Mary's name gives your question a more personal touch. It suggests that you particularly want to know what *she* thinks.

Q. *How do you make a certain boy notice you?*

A. Turning handsprings at a party is one way. You can also follow him around the halls at school, bumping into him *accidentally four times a day*. Or you can let it be known to the world via the grapevine that you think he's the most splendid thing that ever happened to Simpson High. Such tactics will surely bring you to his attention—however, he may begin running wildly in the other direction whenever he sees you. Boys dislike being made objects of public adoration.

The truth is: although you can make someone "notice" you, there is no *infallible* way of spurring a certain person's interest in you. All you can do is be your best self—in appearance, manners, and conversation—at all times. If he (or she) is at all susceptible to a person of your particular talents and personality, the interest will percolate all by itself.

Refraining from acrobatics and worshipful glances doesn't mean you should turn stiff or formal whenever a particular blue sweater heaves onto the horizon. Always be friendly, interested, and ready to join in any kind of fun. But let your friendliness be directed toward everyone—not just toward the "certain someone" you'd like to impress. Boys usually like girls who are liked by other boys and girls.

Besides, all-around friendliness is a good insurance policy. If you make a good impression on *everyone*, your time and effort won't be wasted in case *someone* doesn't quite measure up to your "great expectations"—or in case he proves permanently allergic to brown-eyed blondes with freckles.



✓✓✓ Tops, don't miss. ✓✓ Worthwhile.
✓ Save your money.

✓✓MR. PERRIN AND MR. TRAILL

(Two Cities. Produced by Alexander Galperson. Directed by Lawrence Huntington. An Eagle-Lion release.)

This is a dramatic, frequently moving story set in an English public school. (The English public school is what we would call a private school in the U. S.)

Banfield's school is ruled by a cruel headmaster (Raymond Huntley). He has taunted and humiliated his masters (teachers) until they have lost all ambition and self-respect. Particularly pathetic – and at the same time rather comic–is a Mr. Perrin (Marius Goring), who has become a stuffy, pompous old scholar.

A crisis arises when Mr. Traill (David Farrar), an idealistic young war veteran, comes to teach at Banfield's. Mr. Traill blithely ignores all the traditions that a young master is expected to observe. As he rapidly becomes one of the students' favorite masters, he incurs the wrath of the older masters. When Traill becomes engaged to the girl Perrin has fancied was in love with him, Perrin sees his last dream disintegrate. Occasional flashes of melodrama highlight the efforts of these two masters to work out their antagonism.

The story is basically a tragic one, but before the tragedy unfolds, this British film treats you to several interesting characterizations, some dry humor, and some amusing glimpses of student activities at an English boarding school.

✓✓CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY (20th Century-Fox. Produced by William Perlberg. Directed by George Seaton.)

Apartment for Peggy and *Miracle on 34th Street* won for the Perlberg-Seaton team a reputation as one of the most original and promising producer-director combinations in Hollywood. But their current collaboration, *Chicken Every Sunday,* is only fairly amusing film-fare.

What the film lacks more than anything is a plot. The story clings rather uncertainly to a series of entertaining episodes that serve to point up two life-like and engaging characterizations.

One character is Jim Hefferan (Dan Dailey), a likeable, irresponsible fellow with an "investment bug." Character No. 2 is Jim's wife, Emily (Celeste Holm), who wants only "security." Every time Jim makes another investment, Emily takes in another boarder – just to make sure there will be enough cash to meet the installments on the mortgage. Since Jim has an idea a minute, the story soon has Emily adding extra wings to the house – to accommodate enough boarders to ward off bankruptcy.

Though repetitious and over-long, the incidents have a warm-hearted humor. Celeste Holm's performance in her first big starring role is the film's chief virtue.

Movie Check List

Drama: ✓✓✓So Dear to My Heart. ✓✓✓Joan of Arc. ✓✓✓Hamlet. ✓✓✓The Snake Pit. ✓✓✓Apartment for Peggy ✓✓The Red Shoes. ✓✓The Boy with Green Hair. ✓✓An Act of Violence. ✓✓High Fury. ✓✓The Three Musketeers. ✓✓A Letter to Three Wives. ✓Whiplash. ✓Yellow Sky. ✓The Kissing Bandit. ✓The Plot to Kill Roosevelt. ✓✓Macbeth.

Comedy: ✓✓The Paleface. ✓✓Miss Tatlock's Millions. ✓✓Every Girl Should Be Married. ✓Let's Live a Little. ✓That Wonderful Urge. ✓✓June Bride. ✓✓You Gotta Stay Happy. ✓✓John Loves Mary. ✓A Kiss in the Dark. ✓✓Unfaithfully Yours.

Musical: ✓✓Words and Music.

Documentary: ✓✓✓Louisiana Story. ✓✓✓The Secret Land. ✓✓✓The Quiet One.

Foreign: ✓✓The Chips Are Down (*French*).

How to romance a ballet dancer



1. The first time you saw that beauteous ballerina in the gym, your heart did a pirouette. You may not be a wooer of Terpsichore, but if you want to woo *this* little Miss, you need a good-looking Arrow Shirt, Tie, and Handkerchief.



2. While she explains the double-*entrechat*, her eyes can take in the perfect Arrow Collar and neat Arrow Tie that compliment your features. No Nijinsky you, but, nevertheless, you wouldn't mind a couple of lessons if she plays teacher.



3. OUCH! This is tripping the light fantastic with the accent on *tripping*. Anyway, this unsuccessful lesson gives her a full view of your form-following Arrow Shirt. Now suggest a little dance-floor dancing for tonight.



4. Well! Seems this delightful *danseuse* has had enough dancing for today. Now she wants to sit them out. Who's complaining? MORAL: Dancing or romancing, keep on your toes with Arrow Shirts, Ties, Handkerchiefs. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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FREE CATALOG

Attention All RIFLE FANS



Brassard award for boy and girl winners

● Do you want to participate in an intramural rifle tournament—with free awards to each quarter-finalist? Here is your chance. You may have your school enrolled in the *Scholastic Intramural Rifle Tournaments*—a tournament run wholly by your school within your school. You may have one tournament for boys and another for girls.

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Faculty Position _____

School _____

Address _____

Short Shots

THANKS, friends, for all the nice things you said about my basketball predictions (December 15th column). Since picking my pre-season All-American teams, I've seen two more players who certainly rate with the best. I refer to Vince Boryla, of Denver, and Ernie Vanderweghe, of Colgate.

Vince, a transfer from Notre Dame, will probably make everybody's All-American. A big, powerful guy and a dead shot with either hand, he's been averaging over 20 points a game.

Ernie is one of those stars who does everything well—shoot, pass, and rebound. Although he's not as flashy as Boryla, he is just as valuable.

Jack Lavelle, the famous football scout, was consoling a coach whose team had just lost. "If you think you had a bad time, just think of those boys who played Notre Dame last week. It was late in the game. They were bruised and bloody and tired. They were trailing 65-0. And what happens?

"Some fellow in the band toots a few notes on a trumpet and 2,500 rooters stand up and shout, 'FIGHT!' "

Bill Higgins, of Helena, Mont., writes: "In one of your recent columns, you said that the biggest football score of all time was the 222-0 shellacking that Georgia Tech handed Cumberland in 1916. But in your December 8, 1947, issue (The fiend saves all my columns!), you said that Haven High, of Kansas, beat Sylvia High, 256-0. What goes?"

Elementary, dear Higgins. One was a college record, the other a high school mark. Next case, please.

Some people collect stamps. Others collect man-hole covers. Sanford Levy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., collects nicknames. Anyway, he wants to know the nicknames of his six favorite colleges.

Here they are, bub: Cornell, "Big Red"; Dartmouth, "Indians"; Rutgers, "Scarlets"; Syracuse, "Orangemen"; Colgate, "Red Raiders"; Brown, "Bruins."

In my December 8th column, I said that Bill De Correvont was a graduate of Lane High School, Chicago. I just trusted my memory—which was a mistake. Ray Minks, of the Windy City, tells me that Bill attended Austin High, not Lane. Ray also says that Austin is still winning football games. They copped 26 in a row before losing in the 1948 city semi-finals.

The folks in Bedford, Ind., are still chuckling over an advertisement that appeared in the local newspaper on November 17. Written by a hunter whose equipment had been stolen, it read as follows: "Will the party who stole my gun, shells, shell vest, and game bag from my car on November 11, please come back and get my bird dog."



Honolulu Star-Bulletin Photo

Pride of Hawaii—Thelma "Keko" Kalama, who swam on the championship U. S. Olympic 400-meter relay team. Just 17 years old, Thelma attends Kaimuki High in Honolulu.

Bennie Oosterbaan, the football-coach-of-the-year, was a three-time All-American end at Michigan back in the 1920s. What few people know is that Bennie was also a crack baseball player. He was part of the *longest* double-play combination in baseball history: *Puckelwartz (ss) to Pommerening (2b) to Oosterbaan (1b).*

The whole territory of Hawaii is mad at me. They think I'm the worst thing that's happened to them since Pearl Harbor. And I don't blame 'em. Way back in September, I said that only four high school kids made the 1948 U. S. Olympic team. It seems there were five.

I overlooked the pride and joy of Hawaii, 17-year-old Thelma ("Keko") Kalama, of Kaimuki High School, Honolulu, who swam on our championship girls' 400-meter relay team.

You can't tell Jim Joy and Steve Pakula a thing when it comes to football winning streaks. They're from Missouri (Conception Junction and Kansas City, respectively), pardner, and they're mighty proud of the fact that a local school—Missouri Valley College—owns the longest win string in the land.

The Vikings have won 41 straight games, haven't been beaten in three and a half years, and have chalked up seven straight conference titles!

Bob Schneider, of Hamilton, Ill., sends me three all-star baseball teams composed of players whose first names are Bob, John, and Ed. Nothing tough about that, son. Let's see you work up a team of Hermans. *That* I'll print.

—HERMAN L. MASIN, *Sports Editor*



Broad-minded

A private was walking down the street with his girl when they approached a naval officer. The soldier saluted smartly and the gesture was returned. "Why do Army men salute Navy men?" she asked.

"After all, my dear," replied the soldier, "they *are* our allies."

Quote

Story with a Moral

The president of a large American concern had noticed that a great many supposedly scarce nails were strewn about the factory grounds. After having called the maintenance foreman's attention to this, he observed one day that there were still a few to be found lying about. The foreman explained that, what with one thing and another, the maintenance department just didn't have time to attend to everything.

Thoughtfully, the president gazed at his foreman.

"So you haven't enough time, eh? Well, I'll tell you. Next time you spot a nail, call me up on the phone, and I'll come down and pick it up!"

Shady Story

Ike: "You can't work in Africa! Why it's 109 degrees in the shade!"

Mike: "So what? I won't be working in the shade *all* the time."

Canadian High News



Hermans in New Jersey Educational Review

"Congratulations, Miss Jones. I don't know when I've flunked a better test."

Party Manners

The mother was briefing her young daughter who was about to return a little friend's call. "If they ask you to stay for dinner," she instructed, "say 'No, thank you. I have dined.'"

But during the visit the friend's father said, "Come along, my dear, and have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," the little guest replied, "I've already bitten."

Bright Boy

"And what is your reason for wishing to marry my daughter?" asked the father.

Puzzled, the young man scratched his head, pondered a second, then answered: "I have no reason. I'm in love."

Appreciation

A small-town druggist and one of his customers were constantly arguing about whether or not animals have a sense of appreciation. The druggist stated flatly that they do not, while the customer maintained they do.

One day the druggist saw his friend running into the drugstore. "Today I can prove to you that animals have a sense of appreciation," he said.

The customer explained that he'd been driving down a country road, when he heard a cow moo pitifully. After stopping his car, he discovered that the cow's calf had fallen into the ditch and was unable to climb out on its wobbly legs.

"I got out of my car," the customer continued, "and by pushing and shoving that calf, I finally got it back on the bank with its mother. Then you should have seen that cow show her sense of appreciation. First she'd lick the calf, and then she'd lick me. Her appreciation was touching."

The druggist showed his disdain. "She wasn't showing you her sense of appreciation," he said. "That cow just thought she had twins."

Dr. C. M. Edmondson

Quandry

They stood beneath the mistletoe.
He knew not what to do.
For he was only five feet tall,
And she was six feet two.

Sounded That Way

A school inspector asked a pretty teacher: "Do you teach observation?"

"Yes."

"Then I will test the class. Now, children, shut your eyes and sit still."

The inspector made a slow, chirping sort of noise and asked, "Now, children, what did I do?"

One little boy piped up: "Kissed teacher."

Wyndotte H. S. Pantagraph

Put the Bee on Him

An irate visitor darted angrily up to the beekeeper and complained: "One of your bees stung me, and I want you to do something about it."

"Certainly, madam. Just show me which bee it was and I'll have it punished."

Capper's Weekly

Sign of the Times

Sign of the week (Hanging in Bill Bertolotti's Restaurant in Greenwich Village, N. Y. C.)—"The management cannot be responsible for hats, coats, or waiters' political opinions."

Parade

Test

Any girl can be gay in a classy coupé.
In a taxi, anyone can be jolly;
But the girl worthwhile
Is the girl who can smile
When you take her home in a trolley.

Southwest Herrold

History of Invention

High heels were invented by a girl who was kissed good-night on the forehead.

Garfield Messenger

Jet-propelled

St. Peter: "How did you get here?"
New Arrival: "Flu."



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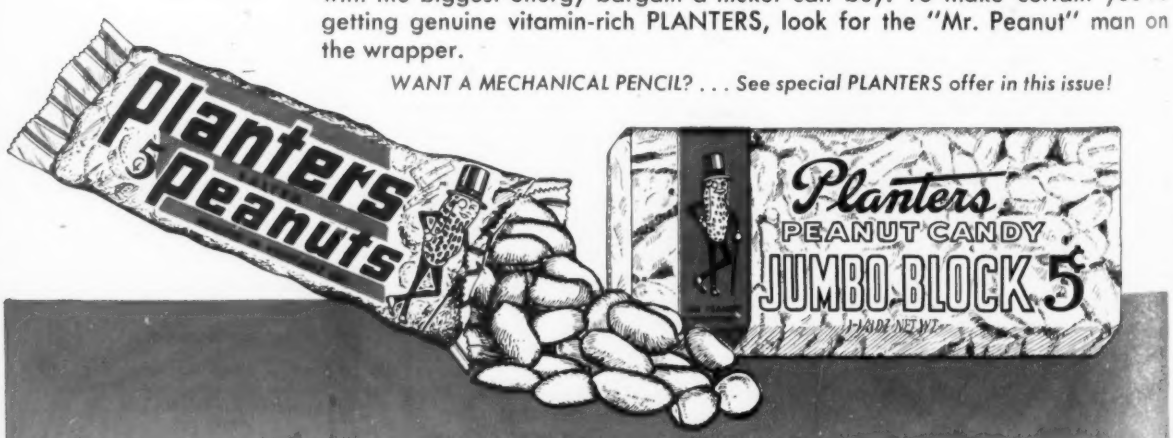




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Teaching Aids for PRACTICAL ENGLISH

BASED ON MATERIALS IN THIS ISSUE

"Success Story" Editorial (p. 5)

Red Barber, popular radio sports announcer, says that "A pitcher's first need is a fast ball. For most of us, this means getting a good education."

Discussion Questions

Why did Red decide that a good education is important for success in life? How did he finance his education? What chance happening led to Red's entering radio work? Discuss this statement: We all have opportunities; but many of us don't recognize them and so we pass them up.

In our next issue, Mary Chase tells how her high school hobby, marionettes, led to a successful career in television and the movies.

What's the Pitch? (p. 5)

This is one of our weekly lead articles which orient students to life in school, the community, and the business world and teach them the communication skills.

GUIDE FOR A LESSON PLAN

Aim

To show students how to make brief oral reports.

Student Activities

1. The student chairman puts on the blackboard the rules for starting an oral report and also the rules for the body of the speech and the conclusion. Also list intriguing subjects for classroom oral reports. (See *P. E.*, Jan. 5, p. 1-T.)

2. Arrange a series of wrong-way demonstrations of students making speeches. A narrator points out what the demonstrators are doing. The chairman then discusses the blackboard rules for the right way. Here are some topics which would make "horrible-example" demonstrations: Student who wants to talk by his seat; student who rushes to the speaker's stand; student who makes excuses about his speech, says a-ah-ah; student who memorizes talk and gives sing-song recitation, or forgets what he wants to say; student who fusses with beads or key chain, looks at ceiling or floor instead of audience; student who doesn't know subject and who repeats information; student who gives a poor conclusion and rushes away from speaker's stand. Also imitate speakers with a nasal twang, with a Westerner's rolling "r," and the Southerner's habit of dropping consonants.

3. Mimeograph or put on the blackboard tongue twisters which will help improve the voice. (She sells sea shells by the seashore; Peter Piper, etc.)

4. Make a list of radio programs which have speakers with unusually good voices. Study these speakers critically. Do they speak their vowels and consonants properly? Do they have good tone? Do they breathe correctly? Do they give down-to-earth illustrations of the points they're making?

How to Study (p. 8)

Aim

To train students in effective methods of study.

Student Activities

Stage a series of demonstrations, showing students how *not* to study: (1) in the study hall or library—chatting with neighbors, forgetting to bring all your needed equipment, lack of concentration; (2) in the family living room—with the family buzzing around, the radio playing, etc.

Make a brief oral or written report on the importance of taking down assignments clearly and accurately. Point out the value of careful listening while the teacher explains how to do the assignment.

Discuss the value of a five-minute review period just before a class begins. (It quickly brings to your mind the "whole picture" of the lesson that you're about to recite.)

Discussion Questions

Why did Bill fail in his attempt to put in a three-hour study period at home? Why should you tackle the most difficult subject first? What advantage is there in trying to get an overall picture of your reading, history, or geography lesson? How can you test your knowledge of what you've learned in these subjects? Why should you use a pencil and paper when studying a foreign language, English words, or spelling? What suggestions are made for studying grammar rules, chemistry formulas, etc.? What advantage is there in writing long reports and in reading for book reports on week ends?

Dear Joe (p. 9)

Joe is a young high school graduate who works for Ward-Roebuck. Jerry, a former high school classmate, represents the viewpoint of the young office worker, anxious to succeed on the job. This week Jerry discusses clockwatchers. Next week, Julie, the thoughtless teen-ager, writes about school grades and their importance. In the Feb. 2 issue, Jane, the average teen-ager, considers everyday good manners.

Teachers use the "Dear Joe" series as their text in class, club, and homeroom programs, emphasizing ethics and the development of good attitudes.

Letter Perfect (p. 11)

This article is one of a weekly series on problems in letter writing. See page 2-T for announcement of the subjects for the second semester. During the semester, cash prizes are offered for students submitting the best social and business letters in "Letter Perfect" contests.

How to write a clear, correct telegram is discussed this week.

Critical Judgment Series (p. 15)

Next to the last of the series on "How to Judge Movies," this articles gives a *movie scoreboard* on which there is a sample rating of the picture, *Apartment for Peggy*. (The next series, beginning in our Feb. 2 issue, will be on "How to Judge Books.")

Aim

To give students objective yardsticks for judging movies.

Student Activity

In the blanks provided, have students rate other movies and then discuss the reasons why they give certain pictures certain ratings.

Learn to Think—Straight (p. 16)

This is one of a weekly series of articles in elementary logic, dealing with problems of propaganda analysis and reasoning. This article deals with logical and illogical reasoning.

Student Activities

Become a *detective for straight thinking*. What are the reasons your friends give for things which happen? Why is Helen the most popular girl in school? Why does Henry make top grades? Why do your friends prefer one brand of clothing to another? Also watch for errors in reasoning in magazine and newspaper articles, in the movies, and on radio programs.

Problems in Living (p. 17)

Dick claims that he's just "no good" in math. Perhaps it's because he doesn't

COMING NEXT WEEK

The Editorial Program for the second semester (see Teacher Edition pp. 2-T, 3-T) covers the lead articles and the main features for the ensuing issues. Hereafter, this special box will aid teachers in planning ahead by carrying announcements of chief articles for three issues in advance.

try. Theresa is ashamed of her foreign-born parents. Frank claims that athletes are dumbbells and that gym is a waste of time. Speed goes to the opposite extreme in his belief that only athletics is important; school subjects he ignores. Classroom discussion questions are included in the article.

Students are invited to contribute their "Problems in Living."

Practice Makes Perfect (pp. 19-22)

Personal pronouns are studied in the "Watch Your Language" (grammar) section of the four-page workbook this week. The "spelling demons" which begin with the prefixes *dis, mis, un, over,* and *il* are studied in "Are You Spellbound?" The use of commas with parenthetical expressions is the lesson in "Sign Language." Top-drawer slang as opposed to meaningless or wornout slang expressions is considered in "Words to the Wise." Slim Syntax contributes his spritely column of answers to student questions about problems in grammar, usage, etc.

Student Activities

Appoint two team captains to choose sides for a "Practice Makes Perfect" contest. Each team chooses a secretary to keep track of the team members' scores and to record them on the PEQ (Practical English Quiz) Kit wall charts which are furnished free with classroom subscriptions. (See announcement on page 3-T of this issue.) Students may correct their own exercises or they may exchange papers. The answers are found in your Teacher Edition of *Practical English.* (See this page, column 3.) The losing team gives the winning team a party or a prize at the end of the semester.

Crossword Puzzle (p. 22)

The especially written bi-weekly crossword puzzle makes vocabulary-building fun. This week's puzzle teaches words and facts about the United Nations.

Practical English has a well-organized word-building program which includes the crossword puzzles; "Shop Talk," a regular feature discussing business and trade terms and words; and "Words to the Wise." "Letter Perfect" for February 2 will discuss the importance of the right word in the business letter.

Short Stories (pp. 13, 23)

"Important to a Man," by Nick Boddie Williams, and "Ah, Sweet Youth," by Devil Bill Adams, like our other *weekly* short stories, were selected for their reader interest and literary merit. "Ah, Sweet Youth" is ideal to use for a class cooperative project in writing a short radio adaptation.

Other program material—radio and short plays, forum discussions, etc.—is included whenever space permits.

Vocational Guidance (p. 26)

"How to Organize a High School Employment Service" is part of the Career Club series, used in many schools for homeroom and club programs. In an early issue will appear the first of three articles giving yardsticks for judging courses offered by colleges, trade, and business schools, and by industrial apprenticeship training programs. Succeeding vocational articles will include information on industrial, professional, commercial, and agricultural jobs and will feature timely discussions on small businesses.

Entertainment (p. 28)

"Week End with Music," by Lee Learner, radio editor, is one of the entertainment features designed to interest students in worthwhile leisure-time activities.

Miss Learner interviewed three high school music students who recently were New York City week-end guests of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), the sponsor of the Philharmonic broadcasts. The guests were selected by the "Week End with Music" National Advisory Board with the help of *Scholastic's* Awards Department.

For complete information about the scholarships and the cash and other prizes in *Scholastic's* Awards program, write for a free booklet. Address inquiries to Scholastic Awards, 7 East 12th Street, New York 3. Mention the field you're interested in (industrial arts, photography, art, senior writing, junior writing, etc.).

Answers to "Test Your Reading Skill" (p. 10)

Ah, Sweet Youth: 1-c, 2-a, 3-d.

Tips on Reading: 1-*Like father, like son.* This generalization is used as the basis for an argument; it is unsound because it is a trite proverb, rather than a scientifically proved axiom. 2-*Varsity football teams require eleven men.* This generalization is used as the basis for an argument; it is sound because it can be proved by referring to any football rules book, which is the authority on the game. 3-*Cinema stars should not . . . radio dramatizations.* This generalization is used as a conclusion; it is unsound because it is based on the single example given in the selection.

Answers to "Practice Makes Perfect" (pp. 19-22)

Watch Your Language: "Just for Fun" Quiz: 1-He, I; 2-he; 3-her, me; 4-We; 5-I; 6-Whom; 7-me. Regular Quiz: 1-we; 2-He, she; 3-they; 4-I; 5-she; 6-he; 7-He, I; 8-We, they; 9-We; 10-She, I.

Are You Spellbound: 1-disable; 2-disservice; 3-misstep; 4-misplace; 5-dissatisfaction; 6-disarmament; 7-dispossess; 8-dishonor; 9-illegal; 10-illogical; 11-illiterate; 12-illegitimate; 13-unreal; 14-unnoticed; 15-unpleasant; 16-unneeded; 17-immobile; 18-immature; 19-immigrate; 20-impractical; 21-impure; 22-overdone; 23-overreach; 24-overrule; 25-overeat; 26-undertake; 27-overripe; 28-undersea; 29-undervalue; 30-overturn.

Sign Language: 1-Mother (comma) as you may have guessed (comma) is . . .; 2-Abe (comma) on the other hand (comma) needs . . .; 3-We are (comma) in general (comma) ready . . .; 4-Father (comma) to be sure (comma) wasn't . . .; 5-Anabel (comma) as everyone knew (comma) hadn't . . .

Words to the Wise: NOTE: Students should be required to give only the first part of each answer to receive full credit for each question.) 1-porter; railroad jargon. 2-ticket agents who charge a fee for their services; theatre jargon. 3-a couple of doughnuts; lunch-counter jargon. 4-"bouncer"; British slang. 5-on the alert; *qui vive* is the French equivalent of "Who goes there?" 6-went up for auction; business jargon. 7-run quickly; ranchers' jargon. (The reference is to a calf running away rapidly with its tail high in the air.) 8-enthusiastic comments on a new book usually printed on the paper cover; publishing jargon. 9-reference library; newspaper jargon. 10-an exciting radio serial which leaves the listener "dangling" at the end of each installment; radio jargon.

Answers to Crossword Puzzle (p. 22)

P	E	R	U	■	R	I	C	A
A	L	E	S	■	A	R	A	B
U	S	A	■	I	M	A	G	E
L	E	M	O	N	■	N	E	T
■	■	■	F	D	R	■	■	■
E	A	T	■	I	T	A	L	Y
B	U	R	M	A	■	R	O	E
A	R	I	A	■	U	C	L	A
N	A	M	E	■	N	E	A	R

TOOLS *for* TEACHERS

MAKE YOUR TEACHING EASIER, MORE EFFECTIVE WITH THESE HELPFUL MATERIALS FOR COMING FEATURES.

Great Issues: Science

February 2 in *Senior Scholastic* and *World Week*

ARTICLES: "Congress Considers a National Science Foundation," *Congressional Digest*, Dec. '48. "National Science Foundation," A. W. Jones, *Scientific American*, June '48. "Drive to Improve America's Scientific Research," *United States News*, June 13, '47.

BOOK: *No Place to Hide*, David Bradley (Little, Brown, '48) $2. A fine, new contribution to atomic discussion.

FILMS: *Atomic Power*. Prod. and dist. *March of Time*, Forum Edition, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. 16 mm, sound, b&w, 19 min. Rent. Traces history of atomic power discoveries up to 1945. *The Church in the Atomic Age*. Prod. RKO Pathe for Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Dist. Film Forum Foundation, 127 E. 12th Ave., Spokane, Wash. 16 mm, sound, b&w, 19 min. Rent or sale.

FILMSTRIPS: *How to Live with the Atom; World Control of Atomic Energy: Up and Atom.* (Three filmstrips) Prod. and dist. Film Publishers, Inc., 25 Broad St., New York, N. Y. With 16-in. 33 1/3 rpm transcriptions, or with scripts. B&w, about 20 min. each. Sale separately or together.

RECORDING: *Peacetime Uses of Atomic Energy*. Prod. and dist. Lewellen's Club Productions. Two 12-inch records, 78 rpm. Sale.

SCRIPT: *Pilot Lights of the Apocalypse*, Louis N. Ridenour. Originally in *Fortune*, Jan. '46. Runs about 5 min. Available from National Committee on Atomic Information, 1749 L Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C., 10c. (Also published in *Senior Scholastic*, Apr. 12, '48.)

Indonesia

January 19 in *Senior Scholastic* and *World Week*

PAMPHLETS: Available from Netherlands Information Bureau, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20. Free.

ARTICLES: "No Man's Land of the Far East," *N. Y. Times Magazine*, Oct. 3, '48. "Indonesia," *Senior Scholastic*, Dec. 8, '47 (special issue on New Nations of Asia).

BOOK: *Native Peoples of the Pacific World*, F. M. Keesing (Macmillan, '45) $3.

Siberia

February 9 in *World Week*

ARTICLES: "The Economy of Siberia," *Far Eastern Survey*, Oct. 6, '48. "The Soviet Master Plan for Shifting Expanding Industry," *Life*, Aug. 9, '48. "Stalin's Mountain of Gold," *Science Digest*, Nov. '48 (also in *This Week*, July 11, '48).

BOOKS: *Siberia*, Emil Lengyel (Random House, '43) (out of print). *Through Russia's Back Door*, R. E. Lauterbach (Harper, '47), $2.75. *Peoples of the Soviet Union*, Corliss Lamont (Harcourt, '46), $3, pp. 122-144. *Michael Strogoff; a courier of the Czar*, Jules Verne (Scribner), fiction.

FILMS: *Siberia*, Encyclopaedia Britannica Films. 16mm. silent. 30 min. (pre-war but still useful, esp. second reel). *People of the Arctic*, Knowledge Bldrs., 1944. 16mm. sd. 22 min. Sale or rent (includes northeastern Siberia). *Peoples of the Soviet Union*, International Film Foundation, 1946. 33 min. sd. Rent or sale (includes Siberian types).

Career Club

In *Senior Scholastic*, *World Week*, *Practical English* starting Feb. 2

These references will be useful in connection with the three articles in the Career Club series on how to judge programs of study offered by colleges, business and trade schools, and apprenticeship-training courses.

PAMPHLETS: (1) *Should You Go to College?* 48 pp. (2) *Apprentices*, Occupational Briefs, No. 20. 4 pp. 15c. Science Research Assoc., 228 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ARTICLES: "Who Should Go to College?" *NEA Journal*, October, 1948. Page 448.

BOOK: *Educating for Industry Thru Apprenticeship*, by Patterson and Hedges. Prentice Hall, 1946. $2.50.

WRITE to the National Home Study Council, 839 17th St., N. W., Washington 6, D. C., for free information about correspondence courses.

Haiti

February 9 in *Junior Scholastic*

PAMPHLETS: *Haiti, Pioneer of Freedom*, Coordinator of Inter-American affairs, (10c), 1944, for sale Supt. of Documents, U. S. Gov't. Printing Office, Wash. 25, D. C. *Haiti, the Black Republic*, by Ben F. Crowson, Jr., (12c), 1948, United Nations Education Center, 334 Bond Building, Wash., D. C. *Haiti*, (10c), 1942, (American Nation Series. No. 11), Pan American Union, Wash., D. C.

ARTICLES: "Black Republic," *World Week*, **Feb. 11,** 1946. "Haiti, a Country We Should Know," by E. Swan, Jr., *Christian Science Monitor Magazine*, Nov. 17, 1945. "Bare Feet and Burros of Haiti," by O. P. Newman, and "Haiti Goes to Market," by B. Anthony Stewart, *National Geographic Magazine*, Sept. 1944.

BOOKS: *Stories of the Latin American States*, by Nellie Van de G. Sanchez, $2.50 (Crowell, 1941). *Inside Latin America*, by John Gunther, $3.50, (Harper, 1941). *Neighbors to the South*, by Delia Goetz, $2.50, (Harcourt, 1941).

Yardsticks for Judging Books

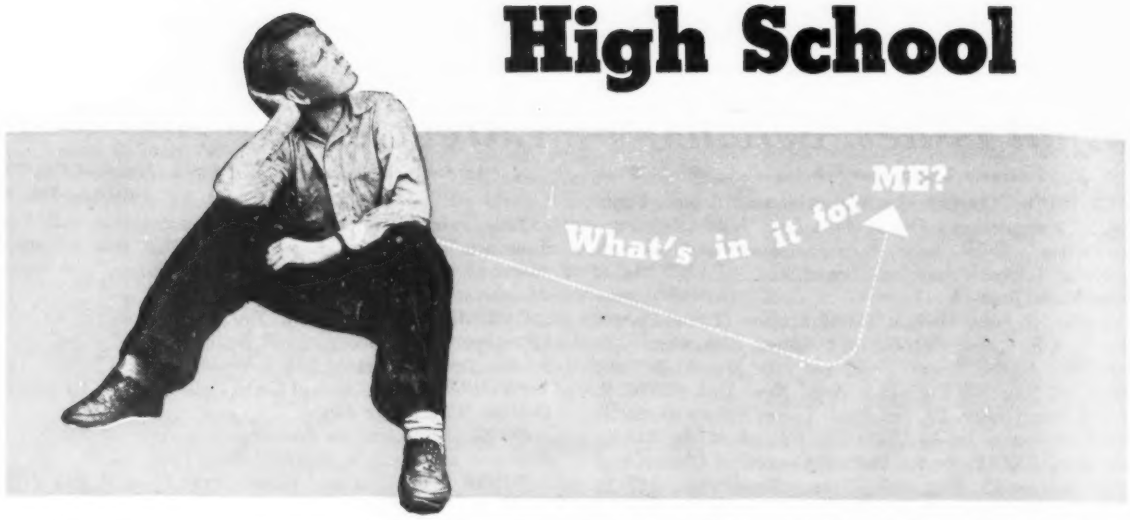
Starts February 2 in *Practical English*

The first eight articles in the "Critical Judgment" series give yardsticks for evaluating books. The next eight articles set up yardsticks for evaluating radio programs.

FILMS: *Making Books*. 11 min. 16mm. 1947. Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, 450 W. 56th St., N. Y. C. Rental: $2.50. Silent film; improved if teacher acts as narrator to explain processes. *Bound to Last*. 18 min. 16 mm. Free. Write to Wm. J. Ganz, 280 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Excellent industrial film. Shows steps in making book. *The Book of Books*. 10 min. 16 mm. Rental: $1.50. United World Films, 445 Park Ave., N. Y. C. Tells how Bibles are printed.

Teaching Film Custodians, Inc., have leased to many local, state, or regional libraries films on American and English literature. Consult your local library for these films: *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (4 reels, B&W, 38 min.); *Alice in Wonderland* (4 reels, B&W, 37 min.); *David Copperfield:* (1) *The Boy* (4 reels, B&W, 38 min.); (2) *The Man* (same); *Great Expectations* (4 reels, B&W, 36 min.).

High School



The Question

Isn't the question stated above a very natural one for a high school boy to ask? And a high school girl too. The illustration and the question are taken from a pamphlet prepared by the U. S. Office of Education and published for the Commission on Life Adjustment Education for Youth by the American Technical Society, Drexel at 58th Street, Chicago, Illinois. Single copies of the pamphlet are available to educators free of charge. Write the A. T. S. for a copy. It's stimulating, challenging, even irritating.

"Boredom and Frustration"

These are strong words. They are used in the pamphlet to picture the persistent fact that "of every 100 youngsters 55 drop out of school"—only 45 graduate from high school. And then it burns this sentence into our consciousness: "Our high schools don't make sense for 60 per cent of our kids."

Origin of the Commission

The genesis of the Commission on Life Adjustment Education* was a proposal by Dr. Charles A. Prosser, veteran vocational educator and idealist concerning American youth. At a conference in the U. S. Office of Education (June 1, 1945), Dr. Prosser said our high schools prepare: "20 per cent of our youth for college; 20 per cent for the skilled occupations; why don't we design an attractive education for the neglected 60 per cent?"

Under the leadership of Dr. Galen Jones, Director, Division of Secondary Education, U. S. Office of Education, assisted by Dr. R. W. Gergory, Assistant Commissioner for Vocational Education, and many others, five regional conferences and a national conference were held to define the general problem. Based on a recommendation of the national conference, I, as U. S. Commissioner of Education at the time, appointed the Commission, a representative body of eminent educators, named by their respective organizations.

A Catalytic Agent

This Commission, organized in 1947, has been agitating the placid waters of academic complacency. Fortunately the Commission has not found much complacency. On the contrary, it has been overwhelmed by an expressed eagerness to move forward with programs of secondary education that really fit the needs of all young people and the requirements of our American way of life.

I hope the Commission is not discouraged because it is overwhelmed and perhaps a bit baffled. Those who watch its work and the efforts of many cooperating agencies know how relatively simple it is to select an easily identified specialized need of a small segment of youth and prescribe the educational "treatment." *But* when we frankly face the *whole problem*, namely, the *needs of all youth*, then we deal with a problem as broad as life itself.

If the Commission does nothing more than to keep the attention of all of us —teachers, principals, supervisors, superintendents, parents, and publishers —riveted on the main stream while not overlooking the small outlets, it indeed will contribute greatly to the strength, security and happiness of the people of our country.

Purposes of Education

The Commission's broad view of the whole problem is aptly and briefly stated in the pamphlet as follows:

"Realistic education finds ways of satisfying the topmost interests of normal, healthy-minded adolescents. Youth interests are often identical with youth needs.

"At the same time that realistic education helps to develop balanced personalities, it also teaches basic skills in figuring, reading, writing, speaking, and listening. Equally essential, it brings to the curriculum the actual life situations that give youth practice in developing good work habits and good social attitudes.

"Life Adjustment Education gives boys and girls necessary rehearsal time for performing their adult roles with confidence."

The major objectives of Life Adjustment Education are summarized under these headings: *Citizenship, Good Work Habits, Family Life, Intelligent Consumers, Creative Use of Leisure Time.*

Thus we see again that there are many educational avenues through which to approach and unlock the interests and essential needs of young people. With the beginning of a new year, let us as educators renew our efforts to "design an attractive program of education for the neglected 60 per cent."

We have no illusions about the difficulties involved. But we are determined to overcome them. Here at SCHOLASTIC our magazines regularly contribute to all of the purposes of education mentioned above. We shall push forward on our sector of the battle front of "Education for All American Youth."

J. M. Studebaker

Chairman of the Editorial Board
Scholastic Magazines

* For further information, including names of members of the Commission, write the United States Office of Education, Washington, D. C., or your State Department of Education, the main channel in your state through which the Commission works.